JAN 5,
1935
NRA
U.S.
CODE

Liberty

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Calendar • 1935

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CONTINENTAL
DISTILLED BY
LONDON DRY
DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
DRY
GIN
STRAIGHT WHISKY
100° PROOF
100° PROOF
ONE QUART
RITTENHOUSE
SQUARE
Straight
RYE WHISKY

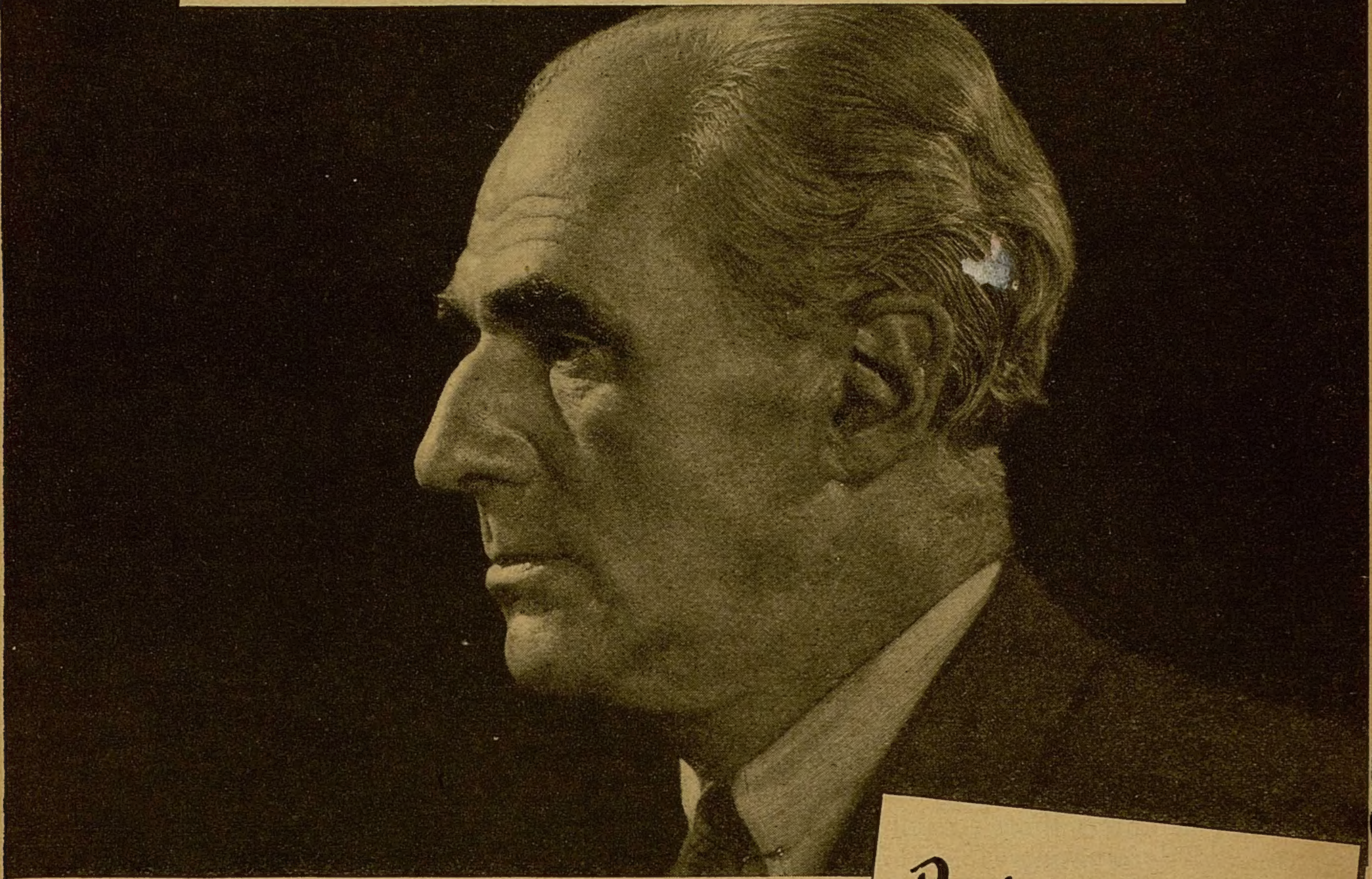
TO 1935

It was a good old 1934 that restored the privilege of enjoying good, pure liquor of dependable merit. At the turn of the year Continental dedicates all the resources at its command to the production of such outstanding quality brands as RITTENHOUSE Square Straight Rye Whisky and DIXIE BELLE Distilled Dry Gin. May they bring you added joy and pleasure throughout 1935.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA

RITTENHOUSE
Square
STRAIGHT **RYE** WHISKY
100 PROOF

Changed a City's Skyline but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" STARTED IT ALL

This man is a brilliant architect—one of the big names in his profession. He has the admiration of his city—the praise of his contemporaries—*and the deep pity of his dentist.* He is, literally, a Dental Cripple.

The fault is his own—the blame rests squarely on his own doorstep. Neglect of "pink tooth brush" is responsible—the foolish neglect of a dental warning that should have been perfectly clear to any intelligent man.

Today he recognizes the truth of his dentist's warnings—today he knows that our daily menus of soft, modern foods can and do rob our gums of work and health. But today—it's too late.

You can't trifle with "pink tooth brush." Don't let it go on and on. Don't let it mark you down for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Play safe—get Ipana Tooth Paste today. And add gum massage with Ipana to your daily health routine.

Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana. And each time you brush your teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your gums. Ipana with massage helps bring back the gum tissues to healthy firmness.

Remember, your teeth are more brilliant when your gums are in good condition. And safer!

Professional Opinion says:

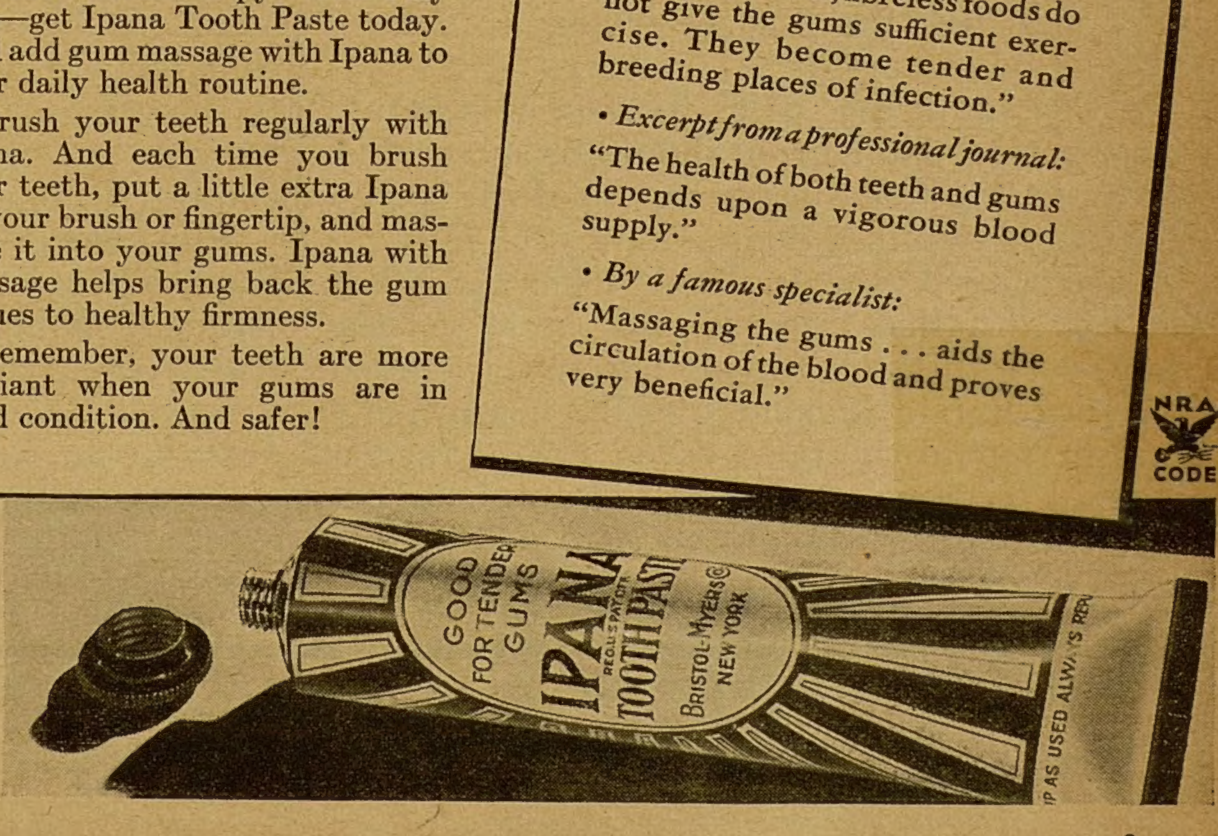
- *From a dental text book:*
"The effect of refined diet is appalling. The soft, fibreless foods do not give the gums sufficient exercise. They become tender and breeding places of infection."

- *Excerpt from a professional journal:*
"The health of both teeth and gums depends upon a vigorous blood supply."

- *By a famous specialist:*
"Massaging the gums . . . aids the circulation of the blood and proves very beneficial."

NRA CODE

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



JANUARY 5, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

BUSINESS OWNERS SHOULD NOT BE "YES" MEN

BUSINESS men have never been completely sold on all phases of the NRA. In the emergency in which it was used they did not question its value.

Though business certainly did improve with the inauguration of this procedure, doubtless much of the change for the better should be credited to the regained confidence due to the President's masterly manner of handling the situation. Then there was the gradual improvement in business throughout the world.

But the NRA will have to take the lion's share of the credit.

But our progress toward recovery is apparently not what it should be, from an analysis made by the League of Nations, which maintains that we are lagging behind all other leading countries in our recovery program.

The question that is now being asked everywhere is—what part of the NRA will be retained as permanent features? There seems to be a general acceptance on the part of business men that some features of the control of business will be insisted upon by the government.

And regardless of what may be the views of business men, unless there are objections of a positive and dominating character, backed by voting strength, they can depend upon the government retaining a certain amount of control over business. And official restriction of this kind is liable to mean, indirectly and sometimes directly, control by politicians, and that *is* the real menacing feature to the continuance of the NRA. Politicians have not been so dependable and honest that they can be trusted to control any part of business.

We all admit that price fixation of a nature to insure reasonable profit should be acceptable. But price fixation means monopolistic privileges at the public expense.

Price control as inaugurated when the NRA was first installed tremendously increased the cost of everything, and many business organizations took unfair advantage of this feature and consumers paid the bills. And this undue increase in price unquestionably lessened the demand, which should have been greatly expanded with the return of confidence. It could not be otherwise.

About the only outstanding feature of the NRA which seems to be generally supported is the elimination of child labor; and although this works effectively, it is being frustrated to a certain extent through home work. This means of avoiding such a restriction will naturally increase year by year.

There should be state laws against child labor associated with educational campaigns. For if the citizens of any state do not want to obey the child-labor laws, no amount of legal measures can compel their enforcement.

Business men everywhere seem to be afraid to express their views. They do not want the NRA as a permanency, although publicly they usually defend it. They are afraid of reprisals. But when they speak their own minds confidentially they are against permanency first, last, and all the time. They want to manage their own business in accordance with their own views. They do not want government interference.

And now is the time for business to speak. Now is the time for all the various business associations in this country to combine their forces and work as a unit in the next Congress against the retention of any part of the NRA. It will be easier to become one of the "yes" men, but permanent government control will undoubtedly bring evils of a similar nature to those which brought us such lawlessness during the prohibition era.

This is the time for business men to put aside subterfuge. Any other policy may bring permanent governmental regulations which will hamper and restrict business for generations to come.

The owners of business, and all workers who want to protect business from destructive interference, should come out and tell the whole truth—say what they think positively and definitely. And that would mean the death of every feature of the NRA at the completion of the present emergency.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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OUR NEW CIVIL WAR

How Uncle Sam's Mysterious "G-Men" Destroy Public Enemies—The Inside Story of America's Most Sensational and Successful Attack on Organized Crime

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—EXTERMINATING THE KIDNAPERS

WE are a criminal people. Let us begin with that confession. Our murder rate is six to forty times that in the European countries from which we derive our blood. Our burglary, robbery, and arson rates run even higher. During the past few years we have seen gangsters virtually ruling some of our greater cities. We have seen other cities offering refuge to hunted murderers and highway robbers on condition that they behave themselves while in town. In the year 1928 we saw the people of Chicago bled for $300,000,000 by commercial racketeers. Attorney-General Cummings said once that for every man in the national army, navy, and marine corps we have an armed criminal. Called to account for this statement, he looked up the statistics and discovered that he had spoken inaccurately—for every guardian of the Republic we have not one but two armed criminals.

In orderly nations like Great Britain the average citizen has no patience whatever with crime or criminals. The accused gets a quick trial and, if convicted, a short shrift; and every one in the upper world applauds. We have developed a fascinated interest in the criminal; and interest grows unconsciously into sympathy. Bruno Hauptmann is arrested, charged with kidnaping and murdering the Lindbergh baby. Three days later the newsreels show him handcuffed and trapped—in itself a kind of plea for sympathy—show his wife dandling the baby which the law will orphan in case New Jersey finds him guilty of murder.

As soon as a criminal is arrested for an atrocious crime, the tabloid newspapers give him a familiar nickname, photograph his home, make fiction characters of his associates. And every journalist understands that to know a man is to like him. For three or four years the motion pictures flooded the country with gangster-idealizing films. Do not blame the cinema unduly. We, the public, were clamorous for such films.

Now the American people are passing into a healthier mood. Just when it seemed about to overwhelm us, we declared war on organized crime. It amounts to a civil war. We are not entering this war entirely unprepared. Happily, we have a trained expert general staff. It has laid out a plan of campaign and has won its initial battles. The Department of Justice has maintained from time immemorial its Bureau of Criminal Investigation—a force of about 400 skilled detectives who worked on all offenses against federal law except those involving the Treasury and the Post Office. After the blight of Harry M. Daugherty was lifted from the department, directions of this force fell into the hands of J. Edgar Hoover, a superpoliceman with wide and original ideas. Against much political pressure Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt kept him on, gave him room to expand his program.

Director Hoover believed that police work in the United States was bound to become, in the end, a kind of learned profession—as it has already become in Austria and several other European countries. He built up a staff of men with superior education. Most of his operatives are law-school graduates. He did not forget that the ideal policeman, like the ideal army officer, must combine a trained mind with a trained body. The typical "G-man"—that is what the underworld calls these detectives—is a former college athlete. Seventeen among them are ex-varsity football captains; several, champions in minor sports. All, if not good shots when they enter the department, are turned into good shots by constant practice. The apprentice agent must go to school for two months, learning the latest modern methods in detecting crime. For a year or two more he works under direction and tutelage of an experienced old hand.

Behind them the department has built up a scientific laboratory of crime unexcelled in this country and rapidly becoming the best in the world. For example, Scotland Yard prides itself on a collection of a half million criminal fingerprints. The Department of Justice has four and a half million.

Although few realized it at the time, the Lindbergh kidnaping in March, 1932, precipitated this new civil war. President Hoover put the federal agents at the service of the New Jersey state police. They could not take full charge; there was as yet no federal law against kidnaping. Congress supplied that lack by the "Lindbergh law" making transportation of a kidnaped person across a state line a felony punishable by life imprisonment. The G-men attacked kidnaping. As an aroused public and a defiant underworld locked horns, it became apparent that the federal police must assume leadership of the forces of civilization.

But on what terms? Newspapers and politicians were talking about "an American Scotland Yard" having jurisdiction over all crime in the United States. That proposal struck Washington—strikes it yet—as a trifle fantastic. It would require a force so large as to make the regular army look like a corporal's guard. It would destroy local initiative.

EVEN before Attorney-General Homer Cummings announced the policy of his department the G-men were forming it. The main trouble with police work in these United States is that we live not under one government but under some 250,000 governments, most of them with police powers. The roving felon, who is our most dangerous and most notorious criminal, hops through eight or ten jurisdictions in the course of one job. We needed some superior power to coördinate police efforts. The Department of Justice men could furnish that—especially when Congress put several other violent crimes besides kidnaping under ban of federal law. It could furnish also a laboratory of scientific crime detection, with fingerprint experts, handwriting experts, ballistic experts at service of county sheriffs and local police. Finally, it could itself set an example.

Since passage of the Lindbergh law there have been thirty-two known kidnaping cases in these United States. Only one is still unsolved—the Robles affair in Arizona. Even there, the federal men have made an arrest. In two others, the Bremer snatch in St. Paul and the Stoll affair in Louisville, the chief offenders are known but still at large. For the rest—all solved. Two sentences to death. Two lynched. Three felons who killed themselves. Other sentences aggregating more than 800 years, besides sixteen for life and four for ninety-nine years each. And, as though for a final flourish, the federal men went back to cover the period when they had no jurisdiction over this crime, and by thorough intelligent persistent work put the crucial Lindbergh case in the way of solution.

The G-men were in all of these cases; so were the local police. And no Department of Justice agent, from Mr. Hoover down, would assert that his force deserves all the credit. Often, as in the Gettle case at Los Angeles, a piece of shrewd work by city policemen gave the tip-off which solved the mystery.

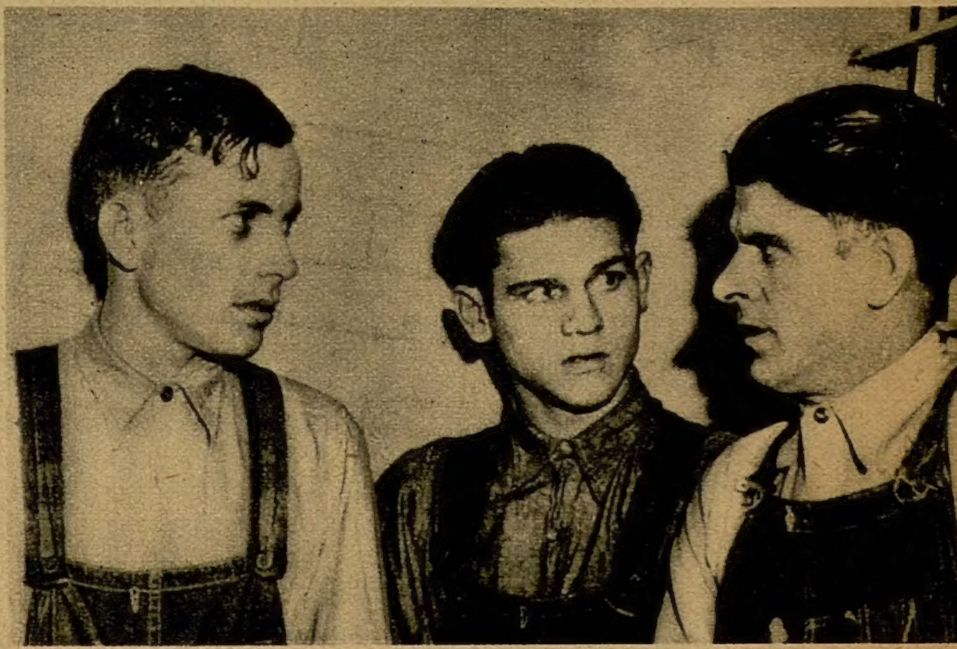
But always the federal men were on the spot, leading the chase when it spread to other states and winning triumphs of their own. In many instances they themselves stabbed through the weak spot in the cunning thugs' armor of secrecy.

As, for example, in one of the first cases which the G-men entered after passage of the Lindbergh law—that of Mary McElroy. The daughter of Judge H. F. McElroy, city manager of Kansas City, was taking a bath at her home one morning when two armed men, getting past the maid by a trick, forced her to dress, shoved her into a car,

Keystone View photo

Acme photo

Bruno Hauptmann, now about to be tried for murder in the Lindbergh case. At left: Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., the baby who was kidnaped and murdered.



Acme photos

The kidnapers of Mary McElroy: the scarred Walter McGee (right) with George McGee and Clarence Click in the Kansas City jail. At right: Miss McElroy.

held her a prisoner, handcuffed, in a basement. Nearly two days of agony for her family, with the police held in leash. Then, responsive to instructions over the telephone, Judge McElroy met two masked men on a country road, handed them parcels containing $30,000. A few hours later his daughter, again blindfolded, was dropped on the links of her country club.

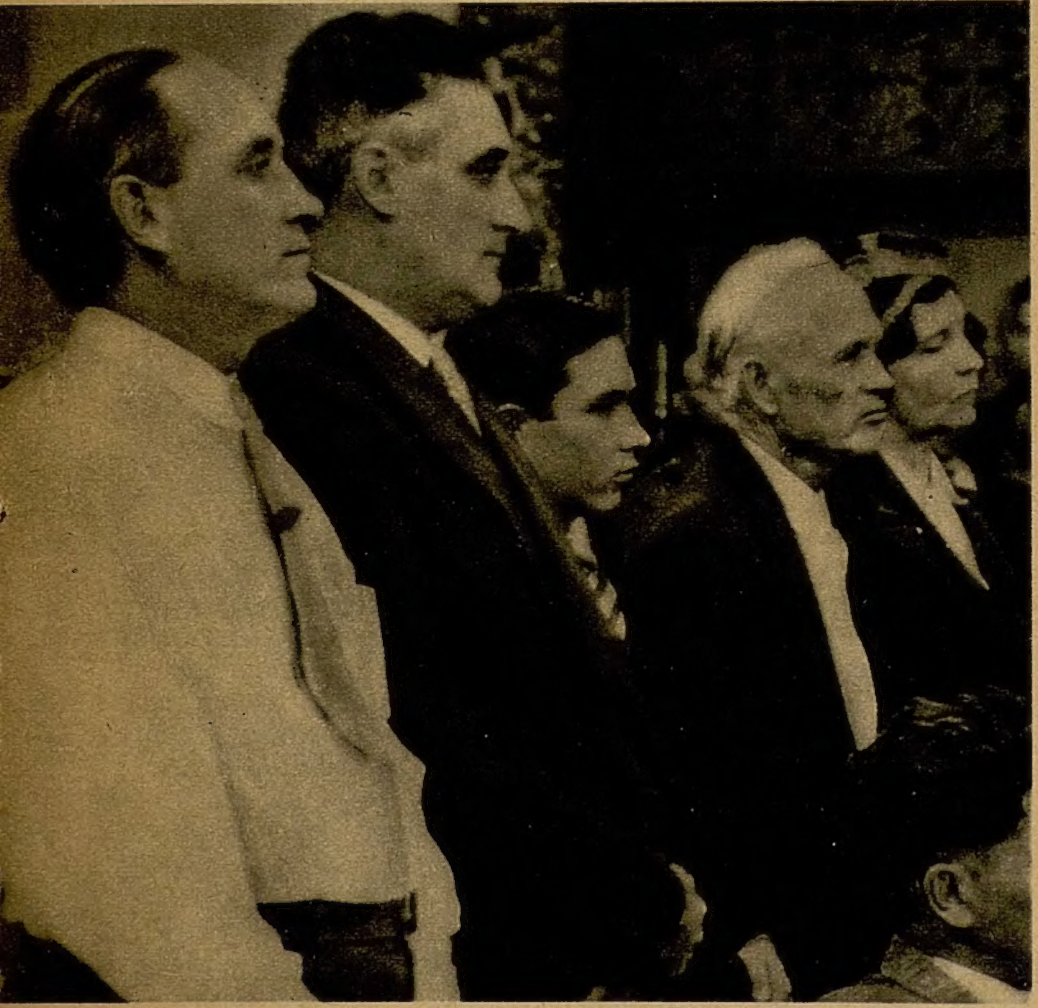
The head criminal in this case, although already a professional felon, was doing his first kidnaping job. He seemed to forget that he had a most distinctive face. Black tousled hair, bushy eyebrows, a scar pulling up the right corner of his mouth—the maid and Miss McElroy both remembered that. When he delivered the money, Judge McElroy glimpsed that scar.

The telephone company traced every call at the McElroy house to its source. They spotted three places from which the kidnapers telephoned. The Union Station—no use. A drug store; no one remembered what customers had used the booth. Another drug store—and the clerk remembered well. Of two evil-looking men who had asked for the telephone, the one who entered the booth had tousled black hair, heavy eyebrows, a scar.

Acme photo

U. & U. photo

J. Edgar Hoover, "superpoliceman" of the Department of Justice, and (right) Attorney-General Homer S. Cummings.



Acme photos

Kidnapers of Urschel: Bates, Bailey, Armon Shannon, 'Boss' Shannon and his wife. Left: Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Urschel.

A hurried search of mugs in the rogues' gallery—revealing nothing except that this criminal was not a local crook. A long, patient search of the three or four million photographs affixed to fingerprints in the offices of the Department of Justice. If it had been a case of the fingerprints themselves, they could have identified their man in ten minutes—but a scar!

Then another slip on the part of the criminals made this search superfluous. They had demanded their money in fives, tens, and twenties. But the day of the pay-off was Sunday and the banks were closed. Judge McElroy was obliged to include several $500 notes. He explained that to the kidnapers, and they agreed to take the money as it was. By now the newspapers had printed the story, including this detail. And into Kansas City headquarters flashed a tip. Just after the kidnaping a man had changed a $500 bill at Merriam, near Kansas City. Chief of Detectives Higgins hurried to the spot. This was one of the notes paid for the ransom. The man who had sent a messenger to get it changed was innocent. But—

" Sure," he said, when the police interviewed him. " I did it as a favor to Walter H. McGee."

" What does this Walter H. McGee look like? "

" Black hair, kind of tousled. Thick eyebrows. And he's got a scar on his right cheek—"

A telegram to Washington. Back to the desk of the Chief of Police at Kansas City came the photograph, with Bertillon measurements and fingerprints, of Walter H. McGee, who had done time in Oregon for holding up a filling station. He had such hair and such a scar.

And now ensued a combing of Kansas City and of the Middle West. In Portland, Oregon, lived an ex-wife who had divorced McGee when he was in prison but whom he had persuaded to remarry him. The very date for the wedding was set. City police, state police, federal agents watched the woman's house like hawks. To her heartbreak, he did not keep the engagement. He had in Kansas an old stepmother. He had promised—when he made a stake—to pay off the mortgage on her farm. A net drawn here failed to catch anything. But—

LOCAL and federal police had found his associates in Kansas City. One was Clarence Click, a laboring man who did an occasional job of bootlegging. And Click had of late bought a new car. The agent who sold it was Abe Starr of Leavenworth, Kansas. Federal Agent R. E. Vetterli, with Detective William Simpson of Kansas City, drove to Leavenworth. Abe Starr was not in his office. He might be—and was—an innocent man. Nevertheless Vetterli began rapidly to run through his papers. And there on the desk lay a telegram from an automobile agent at Amarillo, Texas, with the name W. H. McGee in the first line. McGee was buying a new eight-cylinder sedan. He wanted to trade in the old one he had bought from Starr. Was McGee all right?

Vetterli called up Director of Police Ruppert at Kansas City. The latter snapped a call to the chief at Amarillo. Less than a half hour later a gun was poked into the ribs of Walter McGee. With him were two innocent and bewildered married couples whom he was taking on a tour of the Southwest for company and as a blind. In his luggage the police found implements for shooting and $9,000 of the ransom money.

Vetterli and Simpson drove at breakneck speed to Kansas City and visited the only spot where there was any line on Click—the residence of a cousin in Kansas City, Kansas. As they left their car a young man emerged from the house. He answered oral descriptions of the suspect. They stepped in close before Vetterli said: " Mr. Click? "

" Yes."

And he looked into two muzzles. At headquarters they frisked him. No ransom money. No weapons. Some crumpled papers. Among them a bill for electricity furnished to a house at " Fifth and Country Line." That was the clue to the spot where the kidnapers had held Miss McElroy prisoner—a house at Shawnee, Kansas.

Eventually McGee and Click came through. Their confessions involved Clarence Stevens and George McGee, Walter's young and tough brother. A few weeks later the police of Roanoke, Virginia, arrested a very tough young man, blind drunk. His face and fingerprints matched a police circular on the wall—George McGee. Found guilty, Walter McGee was sentenced to be hanged; he cheated the gallows by dying in jail. Click got eight years, George McGee life. Stevens is still at large.

The Denver police stand mainly responsible for the discovery that it was Verne Sankey who kidnaped Charles Boettcher II and extorted a ransom of $100,000. When the break came, the police laid hands on most of his accomplices, but the dangerous Sankey was missing. The G-men stretched across the country a net woven with knowledge of all Sankey's habits and associations. At St. Paul he walked into it; and he hanged himself in jail.

The Tuohy gang had begun by kidnaping magnates of the underworld and had gone on to abduct respectable citizens for ransom. The G-men had them arrested for kidnaping William Hamm, Jr., at St. Paul. Brought to trial, they went free—a "surprise" verdict. But the G-men had another case already prepared. From the door of the courtroom at St. Paul the Tuohys passed on to jail at Chicago, where they stood trial for kidnaping "John the Barber" Factor. This time—four sentences of ninety-nine years each. A fifth member of the gang, imitating Sankey, had committed suicide.

All this time the federal men, along with the New York and New Jersey police, were keeping eternally after the Lindbergh case. The world knows what happened. The weakest point in Hauptmann's armor was his constant spending of the ransom money. With the newspapers honorably silent so that he would not take alarm, the few federal men who could be spared for this case concentrated upon watching all gold notes turned in to New York banks. Mapping the localities where the bills appeared, they determined that one at least of the criminals lived in the teeming Bronx. From the circumstances, it seemed likely that he owned an automobile.

The G-men saw executives in every set of chain filling stations. These told all their station men in the Bronx that some one was passing counterfeit five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar gold notes. If any such came to them—take it without protest and change it, but write on it either a description of the car or its license number. At a Bronx branch of the Corn Exchange Bank appeared a ten-dollar gold note, one of the Lindbergh ransom bills, with a license number scratched in pencil on the back. And promptly a federal operator and a New York detective laid hands on Bruno Hauptmann.

The probable solution of the Lindbergh case may have finished kidnaping as a major defiance of law and order. But the decisive battle, the federal authorities believe, was the Urschel case in Oklahoma.

ON the night of July 22, 1933, two armed and masked men walked into the house of Charles F. Urschel, independent oil operator at Oklahoma City, blindfolded him, carried him away in a car. Now, it happened that the day before, Mrs. Urschel had read in a magazine an interview with Director Hoover. "If you have a kidnaping in your family," he said, "call us up at Washington—National 7117. We'll be on the job at once." Keeping her head, Mrs. Urschel found the magazine, hunted up the number, called Washington. City detectives and federal agents were on the spot in half an hour. Just a lucky break? Yes. But luck plays with the efficient.

Several days of dull waiting, during which the operators held their peace—by policy they do nothing to prevent the payment of ransom or the safe return of a victim. The family without haggling paid $200,000 ransom, first taking the serial numbers on the money. And so Mr. Urschel was dumped out of a car on to a country road near Norman, Oklahoma. He was somewhat shaken up. For eight days he had lived blindfolded and chained.

When sleep and food had restored him, Sam Jones, head of the federal force at San Antonio, took him in hand. "What did you hear?" Jones kept asking. "What did you feel and smell?" Day after day Jones methodically dragged Urschel's memory, often whipping it up, when it began to flag, by making him angry.

The gang had driven him, with some stops, all night and until next afternoon. In the middle of the morning they had encountered a short shower. Near the end of the trip they stopped for gasoline, and one of his captors talked crops with the woman who filled the car. "Everything burned up round here," she said. "May get a little broom corn and that's all."

The G-men consulted the weather experts and the crop experts. No rain in the region on the morning of August 1 except a brief but violent shower over three or four counties in northern Texas. In that same district the crops had burned. Another detail: all during his captivity Urschel had heard quail calling. This region is famous for its quail shooting. They were beginning to make a tiny crack in the case.

Urschel had heard no whistles, church bells, nor passing cars. He had heard cows, pigs, and chickens, but no trampling of horses. The place was a farm, then, not a cattle ranch; and the house stood back from the road. They drew their water from a well. Its pulley creaked loudly. A woman with an "elderly" voice fed Urschel. Once he heard a man and another woman talking upstairs. They went away and never came back. Of several men who attended or guarded him, one seemed to have authority over another, "like father and son." All talked of farming like farmers; but two at least talked of crime like criminals. They kept Urschel captive in one house for a night and then ran him to another by car—the trip took about ten minutes. Some snatches of conversation made him feel the two houses were part of the same establishment.

WHEN he had exhausted everything on earth, Jones turned to the air. And now the crack widened to a rift. Urschel had forgotten this at first—but an airplane came over twice a day. When his captivity was new, he had found the hours of its regular passage by pretending to be hungry and asking the time. But it missed one day. Urschel searched his memory for hours before he made sure that this day was Sunday, July 30. Federal men checked up all the air lines in the Southwest. That day, all had kept their regular schedule except one. The Fort Worth-Amarillo line of American Airways had swung far northward to avoid a storm.

That was the line, then; and the time of day when Urschel heard these planes established roughly the place on the line. Somewhere in a strip of land some twenty-five miles long south of Paradise, Texas, lay the hide-out. Army airplanes circled discreetly overhead, surveying it. Twenty G-men and city detectives combed it quietly for farms bearing resemblance to the one they had reconstructed out of Urschel's memory. But many places fitted this description. Then—

The Department of Justice had broadcast to banks all over the country the numbers of the ransom notes. Suddenly five sets of these bills appeared at banks in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Promptly the federal men arrested five individuals, three of them innocent. But this trail went no farther. Headquarters at Washington determined on a daring stroke. Through half a dozen channels to the underworld the G-men broadcast this message:

"Tell us who snatched Urschel. If you don't come through within twenty-four hours we'll start raiding. We'll round up all the suspicious characters in both towns, send their fingerprints and mugs to every chief in the country, and hold our men until we find where they're wanted!"

The nerve of the underworld broke. That night some one slipped a sheet of paper into the hand of a federal agent. On it was typewritten a name: "George Kelly."

Who was he? The telegraph carried the name to Washington. Eight criminals had borne or used that name. The least conspicuous of all—a mere bootlegger—lived in Oklahoma City. His real name was Barnes.

The federal men started to find out all about him and his circle. He was missing from town. So was his wife, Kathryn. She was the daughter of Robert G. Shannon, a farmer—and he lived with Kathryn's stepmother on that strip of land south of Paradise, Texas!

The neighbors called him Boss Shannon, for he was a power in politics. His son Armon, Kathryn's half brother, lived in a separate house on this farm. The Shannons drew their water from a well—and it had a very noisy pulley. Promising; but not enough to warrant a raid as yet.

Then one of the investigators drew the operator of a filling station near the Shannon place into a gossipy conversation. Queer, said this unconscious informant, about the Shannons. They must have had luck. During the past two weeks Mrs. Shannon had brought four different fine new cars to be filled.

That was enough. The G-men and the local police swooped down on the Shannon farm at daybreak. They got Mr. and Mrs. Shannon, Armon Shannon—and an unexpected prize. A man lay asleep on the piazza with a machine gun leaning against his cot, a revolver on the table beside him, an automatic pistol under his pillow. He woke with his arms pinioned, opened his eyes.

"Hello, Harvey Bailey!" said one of the G-men.

Bailey—bank robber, escaped convict, member of that gang which perpetrated the Kansas City massacre!

All the prisoners had Urschel ransom money on their persons. Young Armon Shannon, caught alone in the other farmhouse, caved in. His confession involved his parents, Harvey Bailey, and Albert L. Bates, another professional robber. Kelly and Bailey had made the snatch. The Kellys had planned the job and taken the lion's share of the ransom. They had disappeared on the night of Urschel's release. So had Bates.

WILL IRWIN *is distinguished as author, World War correspondent, and contributor of outstanding articles to magazines. He began his career in San Francisco as a newspaperman. He last appeared in Liberty with Hard-Boiled Heroes, his coast guard series.*

The federal men broadcast fingerprint descriptions to police departments. A day or so later the police of Denver arrested a man on a minor charge. His fingerprints proved that he was Bates. All accounted for now except the Kellys.

It was Kathryn Kelly herself who put the G-men on the scent. She and George Kelly—now calling himself "Machine-Gun Kelly"—had split out. He was hopping from city to city; she was ranging the tourist camps of southern Texas, impersonating a farm woman. She wore a red wig. And she, the shoddy Lady Macbeth who had transformed her small chiseler of a husband into a major criminal, prepared to double-cross him. A lawyer in Oklahoma City approached the federal men. If they would give immunity to the three Shannons and Kathryn herself, she would deliver George Kelly—would testify against him, Bates, and Bailey. Uncle Sam spurned the proposal; and the lawyer could no longer communicate with his client.

His silence grew unbearable to her.

Then, in a motor camp near Hillsboro, Texas, she met a roving family named Arnold—father, mother, and twelve-year-old daughter, Genevieve. She employed Arnold to visit Oklahoma City and hire her another lawyer. His position was curious and blameless. He did not realize that the George Kelly whose name she mentioned was the same person as Machine-Gun Kelly. But he mentioned that name in a speakeasy. He was overheard—and not by accident. Taken in charge, he told his simple story.

IMMEDIATELY federal men swept down on the camp at Hillsboro. Kathryn was gone. To keep Arnold's mouth shut, she had taken little Genevieve with her as a hostage. She rejoined Kelly, and a long chase ensued. From dives and dens in half a dozen cities they wrote letters to Urschel threatening to poison him and his family if he testified against the Shannons.

At Memphis, Tennessee, they reached the end of the trail. They were running short of money. Before he disappeared, Kelly had buried $73,250 of the ransom on the farm of Cass Coleman at Coleman, Texas. He dared not approach the cache; but he had in Memphis a friend, Langford Ramsey, who undertook to get the money for a fee. When Ramsey started by car, Kathryn sent little Genevieve along with him. He stopped at Coleman, sending her on by train to Oklahoma City. And Kathryn, letting a woman's heart prevail over the criminal in her, telegraphed to Mrs. Arnold the hour of Genevieve's arrival.

The train was boarded. Before it reached Oklahoma City, expert questioning was dragging golden facts from Genevieve's childish memory. She did not remember the street and number of the house where they had lived in Memphis. She did remember enough trifling details to narrow the search to one district. Through that district, on the same night, ranged federal men and city detectives looking for new lodgers. One couple squared with the description of the Kellys. Next morning Kelly—Machine-Gun Kelly—with two automatics beside his bed, surrendered like a lamb. Another squad arrested Cass Coleman and Ramsey and one Will Casey at the Coleman ranch, and dug up the $73,250.

Less than three months after the Urschel kidnaping, the Federal Court at Oklahoma City punished it with fifteen convictions. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes, alias Kelly, Harvey Bailey, and Albert L. Bates were sentenced to prison for life as principals. Armon Shannon drew a suspended sentence of ten years. John C. Tichenor of Memphis and Will Casey of Coleman, convicted of harboring Kelly with full knowledge of what he had done, received short terms in prison; as did Ramsey, who went to get the money, and Cass Coleman, who helped bury it. Clifford Skelly and Edward Berman, who passed ransom money in Minneapolis and St. Paul, went away for five years each.

Finally we come to Thomas L. Manion and Grover C. Bevill, convicted of assisting Bailey to escape from prison, sentenced for two years and fourteen months respectively. And here enters an episode of this case whose outcome gives the federal men profound satisfaction.

THE Kansas City massacre was still fresh in the memory of the gangsters and the police. Some bright mind in the underworld conceived the idea of terrorizing the G-men—on the theory probably that the Kansas City massacre had shaken their nerve and that a set of college graduates couldn't take it anyway. As the first move, the gang planned to rescue Bailey and Bates from the jail at Oklahoma City. Learning this, the federal agents quietly transferred them to the safer skyscraper jail at Dallas, Texas. Bailey, a popular character in the underworld, remained there only a few days. Bevill, an outsider, smuggled burglar tools and a pistol in to him. Manion, a prison guard, assisted from the inside. He hacked away a set of bars and escaped. Next day a county deputy at Ardmore, Oklahoma, recognized him, got the drop, brought him back. Washington decided to risk no more local jails for this desperate character, but to keep him, pending trial, in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Sam Jones was assigned to transfer Bailey. On the eve of the operation he received a warning: whenever the federal men poked their noses out of doors with Bailey, they might expect another Kansas City massacre.

For answer Jones handed to the intermediary the exact schedule, with routes and time, which he intended to follow on the morrow.

"What's more," he added, "I'm going to bring him in alone. Give them the schedule. Tell them that. Let them shoot and be damned!"

He went through with it—a little plump pleasant man, his left wrist handcuffed to that of the desperate Bailey, his right hand on the butt of his automatic pistol. And no one fired so much as a popgun.

The underworld had drawn and feared to shoot. It had lain down before this set of college graduates. Uncle Sam was still boss!

How the G-men came to crack down on the bank robbers, those new-style roving desperadoes who sprang up in the Middle West as prohibition and its racketeers waned, Mr. Irwin will reveal in next week's installment. He will tell the inside stories of the man hunt for Clyde Barrow and his cigar-smoking moll, Bonnie Parker, and of the underworld's fatal mistake, the "Kansas City massacre," and its consequences.

Treasure Trove

Presenting Liberty's Annual New Year Ghost Story—A Beguiling Tale of a Haunted Wood and the Elfin Magic of Love

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A GIRL of twenty came racing through High Wood along a straight sun-dappled vista of ancient oaks. I am sorry to say that she was being chased by a young man in white flannels.

" I say, Ann! " he bawled.

The young lady paid no heed but took a projecting tree root in her stride. She was carrying her hat in one hand and a piece of paper in the other. Her pursuer was equipped, unexplainably, with a trowel.

Presently a great moss-grown log presented itself lying right athwart her path.

Lady Ann promptly stopped running and sat down on it.

" It's somewhere about here, Tony," she announced to the panting youth who now joined her.

" You're all wrong. How do you know? "

" A lady has her instincts, my child. Don't let's argue until we've got our breath back."

" Carried unanimously! "

For a minute or two they sat silent. They had come to the end of the Long Ride, cut through the wood centuries ago for the convenience of certain aristocratic hunters of the wild boar, and sat looking down on the fair prospect of an English summer landscape—deep-green fields, a winding stream, and cattle drowsing under widespreading trees. In the midst of all this was set a great Tudor mansion on a groundwork of dark-green box hedges and emerald lawns. From their exalted position they could command a view of most of the gardens, wherein young men and maidens were discernible, moving about in detached couples with a certain amount of method and plan. They appeared to be looking for something.

" They're all on the wrong scent down there, poor lambs," said Lady Ann presently. The old house below, by the way, was her home, and she was the last of a line that had endured since the time of Queen Elizabeth.

" They've got nothing on us, then! " replied Tony grumpily. " We're right off the scent here; I bet you the treasure's somewhere round Rundle's Pond, away back. What did that last clue say? "

He took the paper from his companion's hand, and read:

A Sunday walk doth next appear
Adown the slippery way.
The scent is hot, the goal is near;
Take thought, then hit the hay!

He wagged a complacent head.

" It was a beast of a clue," he said, " but we made a pretty good job of it."

" We? I like that! Who went wrong over the ' Sunday walk '? Who thought it meant the field path from the Hall to the church? "

" Well, you only got it right because the curate, having a saintly yet manly crush on you, told you it meant ' a Sabbath day's journey,' and how many cubits that was."

" I can't help curates falling for me, precious—and anyhow, who was right about the ' slippery way '? You thought it meant the old toboggan slide at the back of Rundle's Hill; I, with my feminine intuition, knew it was the newly tarred bit of road outside the lodge gates."

" Yes, but who saved the situation in the end? " riposted Tony. " ' Hit the hay! ' If it hadn't been for my masculine knowledge of the world you would still be tearing down the haystack in Rundle's farmyard."

" Well, I'm not a movie fan. How was I to know that ' hit the hay ' was American for going to bed? "

" I'm not blaming you for your lack of experience, darling; it wouldn't be fair or manly to do so. All I am pointing out is that we found the new clue under the pillow in Rundle's best bedroom and not in the haystack. Mrs. Rundle was a bit short about it, but no matter. Now go back to line three:

The scent is hot, the goal is near.

I say that means that the treasure is buried somewhere near Rundle's."

" And I say it doesn't refer to the treasure at all—only to the next clue."

" YOU'RE wrong, dear, and I'm right."

" Angel, you have been right once already today, and that about brings you up to your average. From now on I take charge. Listen to the next clue:

Now in your final search for me—

Note the word final: it means that there are no more clues after this one—

Think of a plighted troth,
When lovers two lost blessings three,
Essential to them both."

She looked up. " Can you think of ' lovers two,' Tony? "

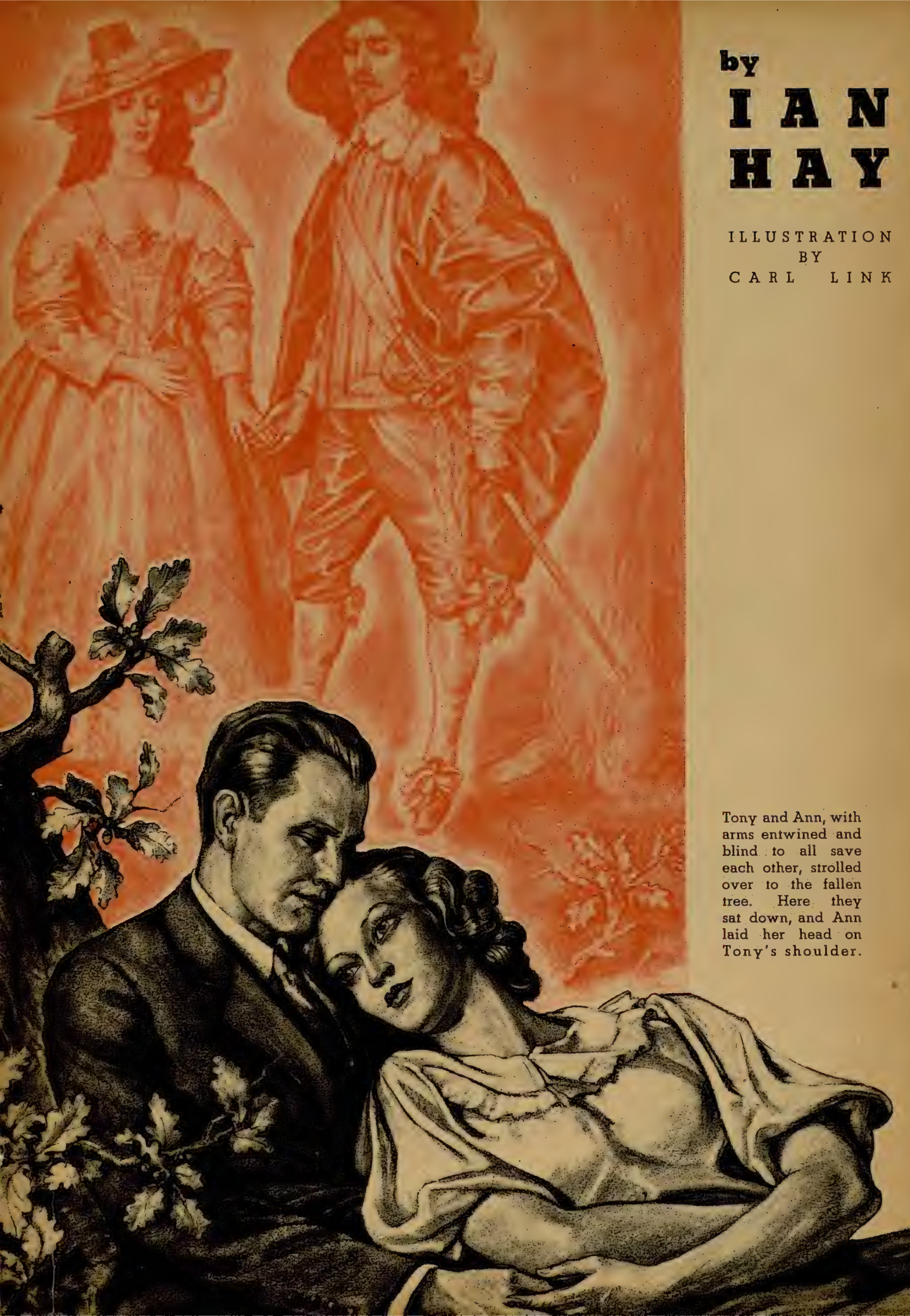
Tony, who really was very much in love with Ann, decided that he could easily think of one anyway. Should he say so now? A glance at Ann's preoccupied gaze and furrowed brow decided him—not for the first time by any means—that the great moment was not yet.

" Have they got to be famous lovers? " he asked.

" Yes, fairly."

" Some well known film couple, for instance? "

" No, darling; a permanent attachment."



by
IAN HAY

ILLUSTRATION
BY
CARL LINK

Tony and Ann, with arms entwined and blind to all save each other, strolled over to the fallen tree. Here they sat down, and Ann laid her head on Tony's shoulder.

"Something historic, perhaps. Antony and Cleopatra?"

"No; English."

"Henry the Eighth and—"

"Something a little less wholesale, dear."

"Well, I give it up. Who?"

"Have you ever heard of Lady Ann Froyle?"

"Heard of her? I'm sitting next to her."

"Not me, stupid. An ancestress of mine—my great-great-great—something—grandaunt. She lived in the days of the Civil War. Cavaliers and Roundheads, and people like that, in lovely clothes."

There was the faintest stirring among the trees just behind them, as if a breeze had ruffled the leaves; and a girl emerged into the Long Ride. Her eyes were wet violets, like Ann's, and her hair, which lay in ringlets upon her shoulders, was spun gold. She wore a long riding habit of green velvet, with little polished riding boots; a black velvet hat with a white plume. Ann and Tony did not see her, for she was standing behind them; as a matter of fact it would not have made the slightest difference if she had been standing in front of them.

The girl surveyed the young couple with obvious interest, then turned and waved a slim gauntleted hand; and from the wood strode a very gallant figure indeed—the figure of a Cavalier of the time of Charles the First. He was dressed in pearl-gray satin, with rosettes at his knees and on his shoes. He wore a great gray felt hat with a curling ostrich-feather plume, and his left hand rested upon the jeweled hilt of a long slender sword. He smiled at his lady and took her hand. Together they advanced upon Tony and Ann and stood behind them.

"She had a lover," Ann was saying—"a Royalist officer—"

"And her father was a stern Cromwellian? I know that scenario by heart."

"Nothing of the kind! He was a Royalist too—but he wouldn't fight. He sat on the fence all through—we have always been thoroughly ashamed of him." Ann spoke quite apologetically. The offense was nearly three hundred years old, but to listen to her it might have been committed in respect of a more recent conflict.

"Never mind," said Tony. "I expect he did Civilian War Work of National Importance. What was the lover's name?"

"Sir Harry Cavender—a soldier. And soldiers were soldiers in those days. They wore big feathered hats and long ringlets."

"They must have handed the enemy a good hearty laugh. And what was the girl friend like?"

"LADY ANN? The loveliest thing you ever saw. [Here, as if in corroboration, the tall Cavalier bent down and kissed his companion.] There's a portrait of her in the long gallery; I'll show it to you afterward. Well, that settles our 'lovers two.'"

"But why are you so sure that this line means them?"

"Because of the lines that come after, my sweet!" . . .

"Who are these children, Ann?" asked the Cavalier.

"The girl bears the same name as myself, Harry."

"And some small measure of your beauty, my heart. Who is the boy?"

"I do not know."

"Are they lovers?"

"I am not sure. They have been quarreling."

"Well, that does not mean anything in any century. You and I know that!" Sir Harry chuckled. "And what are they doing here, sitting on our tree?"

"They speak of some hidden treasure."

"Treasure?" Suddenly Sir Harry was all animation; his languid drawl had gone. "If it is treasure they seek, we could—"

His companion laid a gentle hand on his arm; Ann was speaking again. . . .

"They used to meet secretly here in High Wood. Lovers' rendezvous, and what not. No sneak telephone calls for them, poor things! They met under that big oak over there. It's still called Lady Ann's oak." . . .

"Then it is wrongly called!" said Sir Harry loudly. "The fallen trunk on which you are seated—" . . .

But Ann took no notice, for the simple reason that she did not hear him. She continued:

"The old earl wouldn't allow Sir Harry to come to the Hall, of course—"

"No; Sir Harry might have wanted to hand out a crude line of militaristic talk. Well?"

"Poor Lady Ann was terribly loyal to King Charles, and she was so ashamed of her family for doing nothing to help that—what do you think she did?"

"Dressed up as a page and went to the war with Sir Harry?"

"Wrong." . . .

"But why did I never think of it?" murmured the lady in question, gazing up at her lover. The lover smiled affectionately and laid his finger on her lips, for Ann was speaking again. She usually was. . . .

"She sneaked all the money out of her father's strong box and all the family jewels that she could lay her hands on, and brought them to Sir Harry one night in this wood, to be used in the king's cause."

TONY nodded approvingly.

"I must say her old man had been asking for it," he said. "Well?"

"Most unfortunately, the enemy had got wise to Sir Harry's visits to the wood. And that very night, when Lady Ann was there with him, delivering the goods, a patrol of Roundhead cavalry dashed up and surrounded them."

"And what happened?"

"Nobody knows. But in the morning Sir Harry was found lying dead under the oak, with four dead Roundheads lying round him."

"Stout fellow! And Lady Ann?"

The pair behind drew closer together as if in anticipation. Sir Harry's cloak went about Lady Ann's shoulders and she laid her forehead against his breast.

"She was lying dead beside her lover, with his sword through her heart. She must have killed herself, to be with him. Divinely dramatic, don't you think?"

"I think it was grand of her."

"Yes, darling; but a teeny bit sensational, you'll admit."

Sir Harry released his arm and snorted indignantly. The fact that it was an inaudible snort robbed it of none of its impressiveness.

"I suppose the Roundheads got away with the doings—the treasure?" asked Tony.

"Yes, naturally." . . .

"Nonsense!" said Sir Harry.

"Hush, Harry!" said Lady Ann gently. "They can neither see nor hear us." . . .

"It was pretty tough on both of them," commented Tony. "Still, a pretty sound way to die, don't you think? I mean, it's nearly always worth while dying any old time, if you get mentioned in dispatches for doing it." (Tony's own father had been mentioned in dispatches for this very reason at First Ypres, when Tony was seven years old.) "Their mention has lasted nearly three centuries. And of course dying together like that—for love and so forth—" He edged a trifle closer.

"Supposing we get on with this clue," suggested Ann. "They lost 'blessings three': let's see if we can get anything out of that. 'Blessings three, essential to them both.' What were the old blessings anyway?"

"Well, they lost their lives. Those were fairly essential, I suppose."

"And their money—more essential still."

"Do you think so?"

"Of course. Life's fun, but what's the use of life if you haven't any money, my dear?"

"I suppose," said Tony rather wistfully, "that you'll marry a man with packets of it."

"Well, he'll have packets of it at the start. What was the third blessing, do you think?"

"As they were lovers and so forth, I suppose they lost their love."

Ann laid down the paper with a little sigh.

"Tony angel, try and throw off this movie complex of yours. It's getting you down, you know. Oblige me by cutting out all references

(Continued on page fifteen)

NO MORE ENERGY? . .
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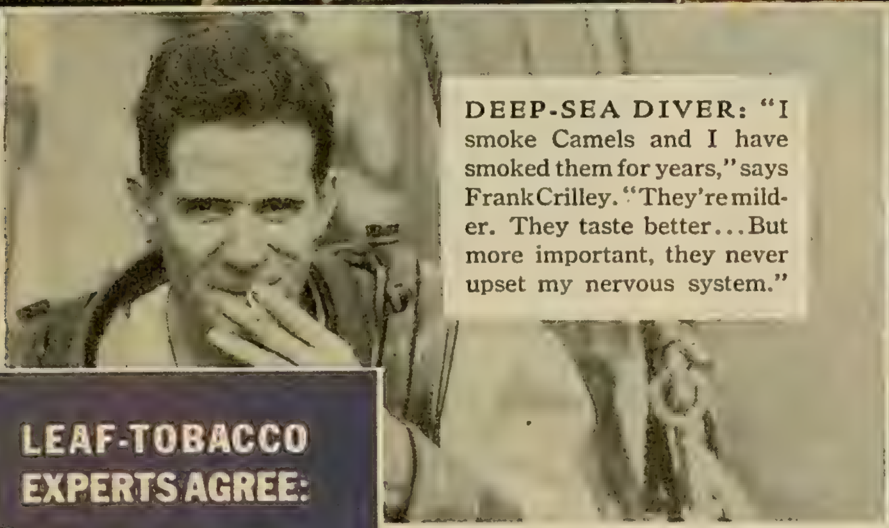

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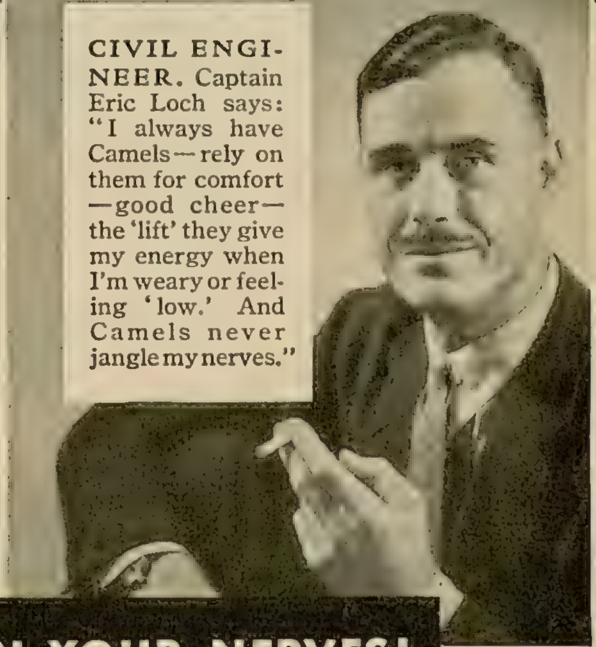

CIVIL ENGINEER. Captain Eric Loch says: "I always have Camels—rely on them for comfort—good cheer—the 'lift' they give my energy when I'm weary or feeling 'low.' And Camels never jangle my nerves."

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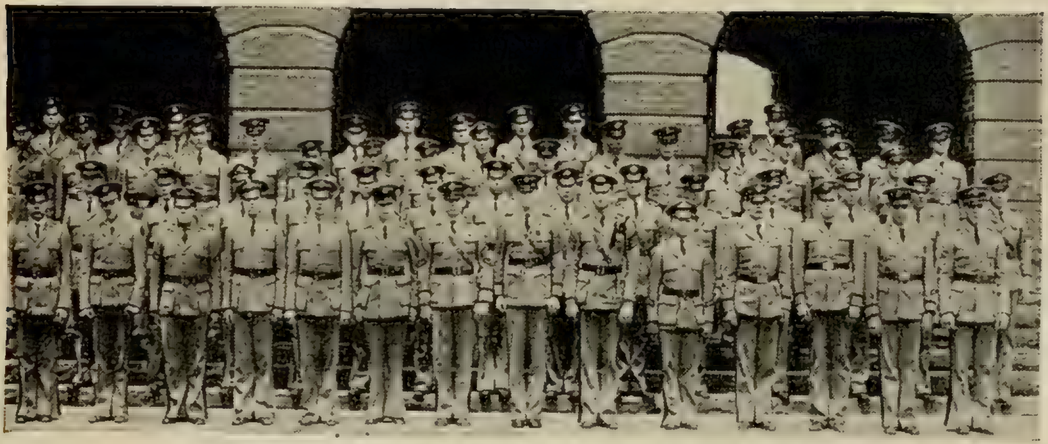

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(Continued from page twelve)

to dying for love and being mentioned in dispatches for the next half hour."

Tony surveyed her thoughtfully.

"I wonder," he said, "why the modern girl is so terrified of good honest sentiment."

"She's not terrified, darling—merely uninterested. She has bigger things to look forward to nowadays than a lifetime spent hanging round a man's neck."

"A lifetime, I admit, would be excessive. But"—with sudden valor Tony possessed himself of Ann's hand—"an occasional five minutes or so might be mutually agreeable."

Ann stared at him.

"Tony," she asked, "is this by any chance the voice of love?"

"Definitely!"

"You mean you're asking me to marry you?"

"Absolutely."

"*Good God!*" [Let me hasten to explain that it was not Ann who said this but Sir Harry Cavender.] Ann, on her part, patted Tony's hand in a not unfriendly fashion.

"Tony angel," she pleaded, "*please* don't go and spoil everything! You're so much nicer than anybody else I know that I should hate to have a row with you—and I shall if you make love to me. And then we shan't be able to run about together and go to parties and things. It would be like dancing with a skeleton at the feast—or a dummy, or a mummy, or whatever it was."

"All right," said Tony. "It's of no consequence. Let's go on with the next verse." And he read aloud, with a certain stateliness:

"Wild horses vanish on the left,
An oak is overhead;
A bear is on the other side;
A rabbit is in bed.

"'A rabbit is in bed,'" he repeated thoughtfully. "Wait a minute—don't speak! I've got a glimmer! Horses—bear—rabbit— Animals, all of them. Now—" He rose and began to walk about, concentrating fiercely. . . .

"Both have escaped from a madhouse!" remarked Sir Harry with conviction.

"Not so, Harry. This is but some modish diversion—some riddle-me-ree they desire to solve."

"I would as lief they were plain mad; it might be some excuse for them. Their conversation! The way they speak of the divine passion! What are they—human beings or fish?"

"This generation is cold-blooded, Harry—that is all."

"Cold?" Sir Harry shivered. "Everything is cold nowadays—cold and clammy, like this accursed wood that we are condemned to haunt! As for this pair of—" . . .

He was interrupted by the eager voice of Tony.

"I've got it, Ann! They're compass bearings!"

"I'm sure they are, my lamb. But what are compass bearings?"

"THEY'RE not exactly compass bearings; they're pointers. The 'wild horses' draw the chariot of the sun: Apollo's steeds, and so forth. They 'vanish on the left.' What does that mean?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"The sun *sets*—in the west."

"Oh, does it?"

"Yes; our treasure is lying due west of some fixed point. Now, where does the bear come in?"

"All right; you shall tell me."

"He's the Great Bear—the north! Do you get that?"

"No, but I like your voice. Go on!"

"'An oak is overhead.' Whose oak? Your Lady Ann's oak." Tony rose and strode to the tree in question, followed by a highly interested trio. "If we should stand underneath in such a way as to keep the west on our left"—he pointed down the slope toward the old Hall—"and the north on the far side—'a bear is on the other side'—we must be standing on the south side of the trunk, mustn't we?"

"I'll take your word for it, darling."

"Well, there we are! The treasure is buried somewhere on the south side of this tree. The only thing that worries me is the rabbit. I don't know any constellation called after a rabbit. Let's try out the zodiac. There's the Lion, and the Bull, and a couple of Fish." Here Sir Harry directed a comical glance toward his companion. "No, the rabbit whacks me!"

"I've got it!" crowed Ann suddenly. "'A rabbit is in bed.' Where does a rabbit go when it goes to bed? Down a rabbit hole!" She pointed triumphantly to the foot of the oak. "And there's your rabbit hole! Come on, my lad, get busy with that little trowel of yours!"

"There are about six rabbit holes here," objected Tony.

"Never mind; try them all."

"And I bet you the treasure's in the last one we try!" Tony hitched up the knees of his snow-white trousers and knelt down. . . .

"Can we not direct the energies of these two young Bedlamites into a more profitable channel than this?" said Sir Harry earnestly. "You know what it would mean to us, my sweet, to have our treasure found—the curse lifted, our punishment ended—"

LADY ANN clasped her thin hands.

"And we could be received again into society, into the true aristocracy of the world of shadows! Oh, Harry, how tired one gets of the ghosts of cutpurses and housebreakers! Such limited topics of conversation, and such language!"

"And we could leave this dank retreat forever and transfer ourselves to some modern country house, with—what do they call the device?—central heating."

"It would be heaven!" said Lady Ann fervently. "But what can we *do?*"

Sir Harry shook his head.

"Being invisible and inaudible has its advantages," he said, gazing regretfully down upon Tony, who was now grubbing in the third rabbit hole under imperious supervision, "but not at moments like this. How are we to communicate our needs to these two? How can we reach their intelligence—assuming that they have any, which I very much doubt. The young man looks to me practically half-witted."

"The girl is the quicker of the two," admitted Lady Ann, "but she is not readily susceptible to direct appeal; we have seen that for ourselves. If only she were in love!"

"What difference would that make?"

"Then she *might* be able to meet us."

"What do you mean?"

"It is given to all those who love for the first time—and for the first time only—to be made aware of the presence of such as we."

"I never knew that," said Sir Harry doubtfully. "How long does this power of vision last?"

"Until the first kiss."

Sir Harry made an impatient gesture and asked severely:

"Ann, sweetheart, how can you cherish such beliefs at your age? After all, you are two hundred and ninety-eight—if you will forgive me for reminding you! What possible grounds have you for such—"

"I *know*—that is all!"

"How feminine! But even if the girl isn't in love, can we not utilize the boy in some way? Didn't he make some flabby half-baked attempt to ask her to marry him just now? It was a lamentable performance, I'll admit. I could have shown him! Still, if he's in that state, won't he do as well?"

Lady Ann smiled and shook her head.

"It does not follow."

"Why not?"

"Those who love for the first time—and for the first time only!"

Sir Harry nodded.

"Of course," he said. "At his age I had fallen in and out of love a dozen times. We must needs try the girl."

He grasped the corner of his silken cloak, which lay over his left shoulder, and extended it to the full length of his right arm.

"Do not flutter her, Harry; she is only a child."

“There are no children in these days, Ann—not of the fluttering kind at any rate.”

He strode across the turf. . . .

“Well, that's four of them,” announced Tony, as he withdrew his trowel from another rabbit hole and straightened his aching back.

“Persevere with number five, my lad,” said Ann, rising from her knees and retiring toward the log.

Simultaneously she became conscious of something. What she had vaguely imagined to be the passing shadow of a drifting cloud took sudden form and shape; what she had thought to be the afternoon breeze among the leaves became a human voice.

She stopped dead, gave a little shiver, and looked up—into the face of a tall gentleman with a brown mustache and tiny beard, smiling down upon her. His right arm was round her shoulders, enveloping her in a silken cloak of pearl-gray.

IAN HAY *is known to his more intimate friends by his real name, Major John Hay Beith, but millions of theater-goers and still more millions of readers know him best by his nom de plume. He has been writing for twenty-seven years.*

“Wake up, young lady!” he said.

For a moment Ann stood perfectly still, petrified. Then she broke free and ran.

“Tony! Tony!” she cried.

“Hallo!” Tony sprang to his feet, and the girl threw herself into his arms. “What's the matter, old thing?” he asked in genuine concern.

“I want you! Put your arms round me and hold me tight. I'm frightened about something.”

“What frightened you?” asked Tony as he complied.

“I don't know. I was just scared stiff suddenly. I felt as if a thousand geese were stepping over my grave!”

“You'll be all right in a minute, dear. I've got hold of you.”

Tony looked down at Ann—to find a new Ann looking up at him.

“Tony,” she said, “something—something queer—has happened to me all of a sudden. I've stopped feeling independent. I've got a sort of idea that I should like to hang round your neck after all!”

“Hang away!” said Tony cordially.

Ann obeyed, and the movement brought her chin up to a level with Tony's left shoulder. Over that shoulder she beheld, a few yards away, a complete replica of herself clad in a riding habit of green velvet. The replica was holding the arm of the tall Cavalier, and both were smiling in the friendliest fashion. Ann quivered.

“Who are you?” she whispered.

“She sees us!” said Lady Ann to Sir Harry.

“My work!” replied that gentleman complacently.

“Who are you?” whispered Ann again.

“We are what we seem, my child,” replied Lady Ann gently.

“Lady Ann? *The* Lady Ann? *Oh!*” Ann hastily disengaged herself from Tony's arms.

“Tony,” she said, “I want to introduce you to somebody.” Her words sounded oddly prim and formal.

TONY turned politely, but all he saw was the trailing shadow of a passing cloud; all he heard was the breeze among the leaves.

“Introduce me?” he said, puzzled. “What's the comic idea?”

“Can't you see them?”

“See what?”

“There—and there!”

“Ann darling,” said Tony, genuinely concerned, “you've got a touch of the sun or something. Sit here for a minute.” He set her gently down on the fallen trunk. “Shall I go and get you a drink of water?”

“Yes, anything you like. But run away for a moment, like a good boy.”

“Righto.” Tony picked up his hat and was gone. Ann looked up eagerly at her ancestress.

“Now tell me, please!” she said. “While he's away.”

Lady Ann sank down on the trunk beside her.

“You are not frightened, my child?”

“Of course I'm not!” said Ann resolutely.

“That's the stuff!” said Sir Harry. “This generation is all right, Ann; I always said so!”

“And if you are, I can promise you,” added Lady Ann, “that you will have forgotten all about us within the hour.”

“Or sooner, if that young man knows his business!” added Sir Harry, and chuckled.

“Who are you, sir?” asked Ann, looking up. “Not—”

“Yes. Harry Cavender, at your ladyship's service.” He whipped off his plumed hat and swept her a stately bow.

“And do you live—I mean haunt—this lovely wood?”

“Lovely wood!” Sir Harry shivered.

“We have to, as a punishment,” said Lady Ann sadly.

“Punishment?”

“Yes. You were telling the story to your lover just now.”

“Tony? Do I love Tony?”

“Yes, or we should not have been rendered visible to you. To be able to see us, one must love—and for the first time.”

ANN nodded her shining head thoughtfully, then smiled.

“I rather like that idea,” she said. “I love Tony! That's funny. I've been rather a brute to him sometimes, I'm afraid.” Then a sudden thought occurred to her. “But—why couldn't *he* see you? Doesn't he love me?”

“He's such a fish,” said Sir Harry, “I don't believe he knows whether he loves you or not.”

“He's not a fish!” cried Ann indignantly.

“Yes he is!”

“Hush, children!” said Lady Ann almost severely. “Yes, my dear, he loves you. Has he not told you so?”

“Yes. But why couldn't he see you?”

“Ha-ha!” said Sir Harry. “You just think it over!”

Ann thought it over. “The little cad!” she said presently. “I'll have this out with him later!”

“Don't be too hard on him,” said Sir Harry. “It's not a cardinal sin in a young man to be susceptible. I was—and am!” He patted Ann's cheek and smiled at his own lady. “But the story—the story you were telling him just now—it was all wrong, you know. Those Roundhead rascals never got the treasure. Did they, Ann?”

“Indeed no,” said Lady Ann, flushing proudly. “While my Harry was holding them so gallantly at bay—”

“Oh, my dear!” said Sir Harry, and off came his hat again. His lady swept him a low curtsy, and unsentimental Ann suddenly found her eyes filling with tears. Ghosts for nigh three hundred years, and still lovers! Presently the narrative was resumed.

“While Harry held them thus, I was hiding the treasure. It was in jewels and gold pieces, and for greater safety I had placed it in a snuff horn—a great ram's horn from my father's sideboard—with a jeweled top. I thrust it down among the roots of this tree—”

“This log, you mean, that I'm sitting on?”

“It was a great oak then, and upright.”

“Then that tree over there with the rabbit holes isn't Lady Ann's oak at all?”

“No, that is an error of tradition. This is my oak—or what is left of it—for they stripped off the branches when it fell a hundred years ago. I had hidden the treasure among the roots, and the roots are untouched.”

“And the treasure too?”

Lady Ann nodded.

“And for that reason, alas!” said Sir Harry, “we are compelled to haunt this most undesirable locality.”

“But why?”

Sir Harry made a little wry grimace.

“Because the money and jewels which my dear lady here had, in her loyalty, conveyed to the king's cause were not—ahem!—strictly her own. So here we find ourselves!”

“Forever?”

“Until the treasure is discovered and restored to its rightful owner.”

“Who is the rightful owner?”

"Your father, my dear—and then yourself."

"Hoo!" said Ann, thrilled. "And you know exactly where it is?"

Lady Ann pointed to a spot on the soft turf near the base of the prostrate oak.

"There," she said, "some twelve inches down."

"Then why haven't you dug it up long ago?"

"Because ghosts can't dig!" replied Sir Harry testily.

"My dear," explained Lady Ann, "we are only shadows—poor unsubstantial phantoms. Sir Harry here could not even hold that trowel in his hand. And he used to be so strong!"

"We have no substance at all," added Sir Harry. "It would be perfectly possible for you to walk right through us both—only I feel sure that you would never do anything so ill bred. Still, if you would be so extremely agreeable as to help us—"

"Of course we will. Tony will do it in a second. Oh, Tony!"—as that young gentleman came racing up the slope from the Hall, spilling water out of a long tumbler. "Come here, darling! I want you!"

Tony stood before her, looking down into her flushed smiling face. Then, very deliberately, he laid the tumbler on the ground.

"And I want you!" he said—and took her in his arms.

Sir Harry made a hasty movement. "Stop him!" he cried.

BUT it was too late. Tony had kissed Ann, and Ann had kissed Tony back.

Sir Harry gave a deep groan.

"That has wrecked everything!" he said. "I knew it!" he added despairingly, as Tony and Ann, with arms entwined and blind to all save each other, strolled over to the fallen tree. Here they sat down, and Ann laid her head on Tony's shoulder. Presently Tony asked:

"Feeling quite all right again, darlingest?"

"I'm not sure. I'm terribly happy, but there's something on my mind, and I can't think what it is. I'm worried."

"Then your best plan will be to remain exactly as you are for about half an hour." . . .

"He's not quite such a fish as I thought," said Sir Harry in grudging approval. . . .

From the garden below came a long blast on a whistle.

"What's that?" asked Tony without moving.

"The time limit. The treasure hunt's over. We've lost."

"Have we?" Tony looked down on Ann's upturned face. "Who cares?"

"Selfish young cad!" observed Sir Harry.

With a reluctant sigh the lovers rose and prepared to depart. Suddenly Ann spoke:

"Tony, I don't know why, but I've got a hunch about that treasure. Something tells me that we've been

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looking for it in the wrong place all the time."

"But it all fitted in so nicely with the clue."

"All the same, I feel in my bones that it's somewhere else."

"Where, for instance?" Tony smiled indulgently; he must get used to feminine whims now.

Ann pressed the palms of her hands tightly to her eyes and thought intensely. Two poor ghosts stood hand in hand, waiting. . . .

"Does she know we are here?" whispered Sir Harry.

"No, but she *feels* something. It is the very last flicker of remembrance." . . .

Suddenly Ann pointed to the end of the log.

"Dig there!" she said.

"Anything to oblige," replied the docile Tony.

"But *this* isn't the treasure," he said ten minutes later. "It can't be. Look! It must have been buried for years and years. Look at these earthy old wrappings."

"Never mind!" said Ann excitedly. "Unwrap it!"

The task presented no difficulty, for the moldering rags fell to pieces at Tony's touch. . . .

"What did you wrap it in, Ann?" asked Sir Harry.

"Pray do not ask me!" replied her ladyship with an embarrassment which would have surprised her namesake. . . .

"IT'S an old ram's horn," announced Tony, "with a sort of metal stopper. Listen—there's something inside. It rattles."

"Open it!" cried two female voices, one of which was inaudible.

The rusted stopper resisted Tony's fingers, so he took the trowel and knocked it off. Some gold coins rolled out on to the grass; then a handful of loose pearls, once part of a necklace. A golden chain with long flat links and an emerald pendant came last.

"We've found it!" cried Ann.

"*You* found it, you marvelous girl!" said Tony.

He gathered up a handful of the still bright golden coins and poured them into the girl's cupped hands.

"Treasure trove," he said. "For you, my sweet, with all my love!" . . .

"The rightful owner—the rightful owner at last!" whispered Sir Harry. "My love, my heart, my lady, do you realize what this means? The curse is lifted—we are free! Free to go whither we please! Come!"

"One moment, Harry!"

Ann and Tony were kneeling face to face on the grass examining their treasure. Lady Ann tiptoed toward them and bent down quickly.

"These things are too lovely," Ann was saying. "Hoo!"

Tony looked at her in concern. The startled gaze had come back into her eyes again.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Nothing. I just—felt something."

"No more geese stepping over your grave, I hope."

"Oh, no. Something touched my cheek—something very soft and feathery and nice. It was rather like being kissed by a butterfly."

Tony rose to his feet.

"Let's get out," he said uneasily. "I believe this wood's haunted." . . .

"Late again, my boy!" chuckled Sir Harry. "It *was* haunted!" . . .

"I think it's rather a nice wood," said Ann. "After all, it was here that we—"

"I was forgetting that," said Tony, and kissed her again.

"All the same," announced practical Ann, "if we're going to get any tea we shall have to leg it. I'll race you!" And off she darted down the long slope.

"I'll catch you!" cried Tony, and sped after her, dropping golden coins as he ran. . . .

The other two stood watching. The sun was dropping low and shadows were creeping down the Long Ride.

"Good-by, my dears, and bless you both!" said Lady Ann. "And good-by to you, old wood!" she added softly. Then she turned to the gallant figure by her side. "Come, Harry," she said.

Sir Harry put his cloaked arm around her and they turned and walked toward the sunset. A moment later nothing could be seen but the shadows of the oaks on the grass, nothing heard but the soft murmur of the evening breeze in the branches.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

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A heroic tale of Christian fortitude and idealism—a tale of the Armenian stand for faith in 1915.

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Compelling, Colorful, Comic

Four Stars for a Fine Rendition of a Novel by Fannie Hurst; Notes on a Beery Barnum and the Ebullient Mr. Lederer

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary **3 stars—Excellent**
2 stars—Good **1 star—Poor** **0 star—Very Poor**

★ ★ ★ ★ IMITATION OF LIFE

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Ned Sparks, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Henry Armetta, Henry Kolker, Louise Beavers. Directed by John M. Stahl. Story by Fannie Hurst.

IMITATION OF LIFE is the finest picture to come out of Universal studios since the memorable All Quiet on the Western Front. Fannie Hurst's verdant novel of two women, one white, one black, blossoms on the screen with such profuse and overlapping incident, so many engrossing characters, that it is the most profoundly emotional film you are likely to see in the next ten years.

Beautifully accented and restrained by Director John M. Stahl, the film tells of a young widowed mother whose Negress servant has a secret recipe for pancakes. Picking up a manager and exploiting the flour, the two women come eventually into great wealth. This is just the frame for a picture so lifelike that any minor criticism we might have of it would be as futile as bickering because the lives do not run in defined story channels.

In this Claudette Colbert gives her finest performance. Yet the outstanding rôle, fully realized by Fredi Washington, is so daring and pathetic that it is unforgettable. Fredi Washington plays a Negress light enough to pass for white. Cultured and wealthy, her personal problem is the problem of thousands of educated Afro-Americans. Universal's treatment of this mass tragedy will cause Imitation of Life to be drastically edited, if not banned, in the Southern States. If so, it will be the South's loss to miss one of the most touching pictures ever made.

Warren William, Ned Sparks, and Louise Beavers are completely competent in support of Miss Colbert: Beavers especially, as the servant whose only desire is for a great funeral, is superb. She finally gets the funeral—a grand affair with a purple casket, parading lodge members, and a bedecked Negro drum corps. And the whole thing is so funny, so bitingly true, that one doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Imitation of Life bursts out with a score of scenes which space does not permit us to set down. But we do urge you to go and see them for yourself.

VITAL STATISTICS: Fannie Hurst thought the novel up from which film was made all by herself; but it took eight writers, including a few best-seller and smash-success playwrights, to whip it into a screen play. . . . La Hurst is a St. Louis woman who dramatized the American ghetto for our magazines after Mr. Zangwill discovered it for literature. Success was slow in coming for her; but she stuck to it, working in department stores, living in tenements, etc., to get her material. Suddenly she woke up on a bright morning to find herself an overnight success. She has since topped many a best-seller list and has gathered herself a pile of shekels, remaining one of our most popular writers to bridge the abyss between pure art and magazine enjoyment. . . . Not one of the 2,788 lines in the film is to be found in Miss Hurst's novel, yet nothing has been lost in screen transference. Eleven of the thirty-six characters were blue-penciled out to avoid overcluttering, and replaced by seven others. One character who takes sixty pages in the book shrinks to a mere line in a scene. She had book but not screen appeal. . . . Claudette Colbert rhymes her last name with shirt, although Hollywood insists on Colbear. Born Claudette Chauchoin, she picked her grammaw's name because she thought it more pronounceable than the other, which reminded her of a sneeze. Educated in Washington Irving High, New York, she is Paris-born and once aspired to be a dress designer. She's still married happily to her favorite actor, Norman Foster, and has brown hair and eyes. Is a great snapshot fiend, and develops and prints her own. Started stage career as a lark to win a bet and a small part in The Wild Westcotts, New York produx. Suddenly liked it and got serious about acting and has been

Mady Christians and Charles Bickford in A Wicked Woman.

Warren William and Claudette Colbert in Imitation of Life.

Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers in Romance in Manhattan.

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Wallace Beery and Adolphe Menjou in The Mighty Barnum. Beery plays the title role.

miming ever since. . . . Warren William is often mistaken for an Englishman but was born in Aitkin, Minnesota.

★ ★ ★ THE MIGHTY BARNUM

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, Rochelle Hudson, Janet Beecher, Tammany Young, Herman Bing, Lucille La Verne, Olive Brasno, Richard Brasno. Directed by Walter Lang. Screen play by Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth.

UNLIKE Imitation of Life, The Mighty Barnum makes a great deal of external fuss but, if I may use the word, it hasn't much guts. It's a surface picture of swift pace, color, and occasional thrills, but one has the feeling of seeing a highly embellished shell. Wallace Beery, up to all his old tricks, is still just Beery. He is coy and brash, awkward and lovable, and only the great Barnum because the picture says so.

The Mighty Barnum has the seed of cinema greatness in it. The picture might have been an enlightening bit of colorful Americana. But rather than risk that, it falls back on the so-called sure-fire bits of rough-house comedy which are sometimes laugh-provoking but take the picture out of the ranks of believable biography.

Perhaps we are being too hard on the picture; for, in spite of its vague motivations, it is entertaining and treats of an interesting period and people, and emerges as a much better than average movie. Barnum is introduced as a small shopkeeper with an insatiable curiosity about freaks. To the despair of his wife, he opens a side show featuring a bearded woman and Washington's nurse among other oddities. Exposed as a fraud, Barnum's museum is wrecked by the indignant populace. But he bounces back, stronger than ever, with Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, and Jumbo, the world's largest elephant.

The ups and downs of this amazing career make interesting screen fare; but the writing, directing, and playing of it are so full of facility and sleek cleverness that no one had time for making its period and people real.

Virginia Bruce is utterly lovely as the Nightingale. Menjou and Janet Beecher are sure in their effects. All the freaks are swell and Mr. Beery gives a brilliant performance of Mr. Beery.

VITAL STATISTICS: Phineas Taylor Barnum was born without ballyhoo in Bethel, Connecticut, on July 5, 1810, son of an innkeeper and storekeeper. Failed in storekeeping business, failed running a paper, and exactly 100 years ago began career as World's Greatest Showman, exploiting Joyce Heth, reputed 160-year-old cullud nuss of George Washington. Joyce died in 1836, after extensive barnumstorming; her age proved not more than seventy. Barnum loved to hoax the people. And didn't mind a joke on himself. Pulled the famous gags of the Cherry-Colored Cat; This Way to the Egress; and the Horse with the Head Where Its Tail Ought to Be and Vice Versa. Made four millions at exhibiting side shows containing Tom Thumb, the Bearded Lady, a woolly horse, three-headed frogs, two-headed calves, the First Prehistoric Monster, the Borneo Wild Man, the Cardiff Giant, and Jumbo: novelties for those times and still eye openers to the present generation. Claimed there was a sucker born every minute, and actually included himself, losing his first ($250,000) fortune in a bear-grease hair tonic. Lost a half million later in a patent fire extinguisher, which was perfect except it wouldn't put out fires. Went bankrupt, and got a million dollars' worth of publicity, culminating in his writing a booklet called How to Make Money, and lecturing on same for $1,000 a night, even before English intellectuals. Signed the pledge in middle life and became a prohibition fanatic. Used an elephant to plow the fields near Bridgeport (Connecticut) railroad, strictly as an advertisement. The elephant, operated by an Oriental sultan, plowed only when trains went by. Thousands of farmers wanted to buy elephants from him for the same purpose. Had an inferiority complex which bothered him at times with attacks of depression and homesickness. Had his obit published before his death, and loved it. Got more space after his death than anybody but a President.

★ ★ ½ ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN

THE PLAYERS: Francis Lederer, Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Butler, Arthur Hohl, J. Farrell MacDonald, Helen Ware. Directed by Stephen Roberts. Story by Norman Krasna and Don Hartman.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN is a light and pleasant tale of a young immigrant who enters the country illegally and meets with the law when he goes about getting a marriage license with the girl o' his dreams. Francis Lederer, though he works quite hard at it, is boyish and cute as the immigrant, and in the marriage sequence he breaks out and becomes hilarious.

Unimportant but often gay, the picture follows Lederer's hampered career as newsboy and cab driver in the land of golden opportunities. Faced with starvation, he is taken in by Ginger Rogers and her young brother. As it always does, their friendship slips to love, and when they decide on matrimony, Lederer is faced with exposing his illegal entry or giving up the girl.

The marriage ceremony, with Lederer being made a benedict and citizen simultaneously, is highly comic. This is the best scene in a picture of mild and pleasant fluff.

VITAL STATISTICS: Curly-haired lady-killer Francis Lederer was "discovered" as an extra in his home town of Prague, Czechoslovakia, by the director of the old German Theater and was put under contract as apprentice actor at $1.20 a week. Has been discovered nine times since, the Lederer Discovery Club being headed by Henny Porten, the Mary Pickford of Nazidom, Lillian Gish, and Basil Dean. The RKO press agents refer to him in the following modest terms: "In temperament he is an aurora borealis of color; a mixture of lightning and attar of roses. His artistry is touched with the inner fires of divine genius. In looks and physique he is an inspiration for a sculptural masterpiece. To this is added a sincerity and devotion to his art that is like that of a pagan priest to his god." Whoops! . . . Ginger Rogers might have become a school-teacher had she not won a Charleston contest in Texas, causing a newspaperman to write: "Look out, Broadway! Here comes Ginger." Is a tomboyishly alluring female with red-gold hair. Was born in Independence, Missouri, but was raised in Fort Worth. Real name is Virginia McMath and was recently married to Lew Ayres. Weighs 112 and has one of the smallest waists in Hollywood: twenty-three inches. Was considered an ugly duckling when small. Hates cards; loves the outdoors and ham and eggs with strawberry jam. . . . J. Farrell MacDonald began his celluloid career back in the early Biograph and Imp days. Born in Waterbury, Connecticut, he is a Yale grad. Can be comic or tragic, as per orders. Greatest characterization: Knute Rockne in The Spirit of Notre Dame. Comicalest: the railroad man in The Iron Horse. Is anecdotistical; seldom wears make-up; refuses to be screen-typed, ditching a characterization when it looks as if the boys are trying to slip it over on him. . . . Teaches a class in cinematography at U. S. C. . . . Director Stephen Roberts was a World War flyer and later toured Texas with an air circus.

★ A WICKED WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: Mady Christians, Jean Parker, Charles Bickford, Betty Furness, William Henry, Jackie Searle. Directed by Charles Brabin. From the book by Anne Austin.

A WICKED WOMAN is not the story of a bad gal but a dull one. This saga of mother love, introducing Mady Christians, M. G. M.'s latest star, tells of a woman who murders her husband in self-defense and some twenty years later, for no apparent reason, gives herself up to the police.

Laid in the deep South, the story is slow to the point of going backward and has Miss Christians talking in the "Honey chile, where-all you-all goin', honey chile?" school of dialogue.

Occasionally she gives it up as a hopeless task and surprisingly reverts to her natural accent.

In the case of a glamorous beauty, like Anna Sten or Dietrich, it is shrewd showmanship to make her a star in her first picture. But for Miss Christians, a not too beautiful character actress, it would have been wiser to see how much the public wants her before burdening her with stardom.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture based on Anne Austin's fictioner, originally purchased for Helen Hayes. . . . Tall statuesque blonde blue-eyed Mady Christians is Viennese-born, daughter of the late Rudolph Christians, w.k. European actor, and Bertha Klein, Continental opera star. Father founded German Theater in New York, and died in Hollywood during production of Foolish Wives. He was of German-Danish-peasant heritage. Mother is German and was protégée of the Queen of Roumania. Mady received her name because her parents met while her mother was playing Marguerite in Faust. Parents kept their careers after marriage and Mady was born to her Art. Thanks to world touring, she speaks six languages fluently; English minus an accent. Her first great success was Ufa's Waltz Dream. Refused to come to Hollywood for years because of sad memories of her father. Married Sven von Muller in 1928. He's a journalist and plans to join her in Hollywood soon. Came to America finally for John Golden for lead in Vicki Baum's Divine Drudge. Made eight screen tests for M. G. M., covering gamut of thespian range from light singing to bitter tragedy. Has contract permitting her six months on stage. Needs it to keep a balance. Has a small house (despite generous stipend), small garden, and small car. Walks with a brisk athletic stride. Shakes hands like a man. Is strictly unaffected. Plays piano; can ride and ski. Owns large dogs (four- not two-legged variety). Chose Charles Bickford as her leading man because she thought him colossal in Anna Christie when she saw it in Vienna. This is her first American film. Name is pronounced May-dee. . . . Carrot-topped Charles Bickford has been army engineer officer and made his big hit in tough he-men rôles in New York Art Theater productions. . . . Authoress Zelda Sears read the rôle of Grammaw Teague she had written into the film so well, Director Brabin insisted she play it, which she does. . . . Jean Parker is M. G. M.'s youngest star.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love.

★★★—Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard.

Allyn B. McIntire to Speak on Liberty Forum Broadcast December 27

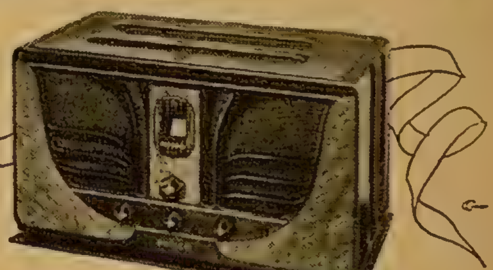
ALLYN B. McINTIRE, president of the Association of National Advertisers and vice president of the Pepperell Manufacturing Co., will be the guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty program Thursday, December 27.

He is the head of an organization consisting of some of the best known companies in the world—companies which spend on an average of more than a quarter of a billion dollars a year in advertising.

Young, dynamic, he has been an advertising man ever since, as a youth, he sat down and wrote one hundred letters to as many firms advertising his own qualifications for a job—and received more than ninety replies. He has been an advertising agent, a magazine representative, an advertising manager—in every angle of the advertising business—becoming finally an officer of his present company.

His address will be preceded by another of Edwin C. Hill's stirring narratives, and a musical program by Edward Nell, barytone, and Arnold Johnson and his orchestra.

The program will be broadcast at 8.30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and will be heard over the following stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.



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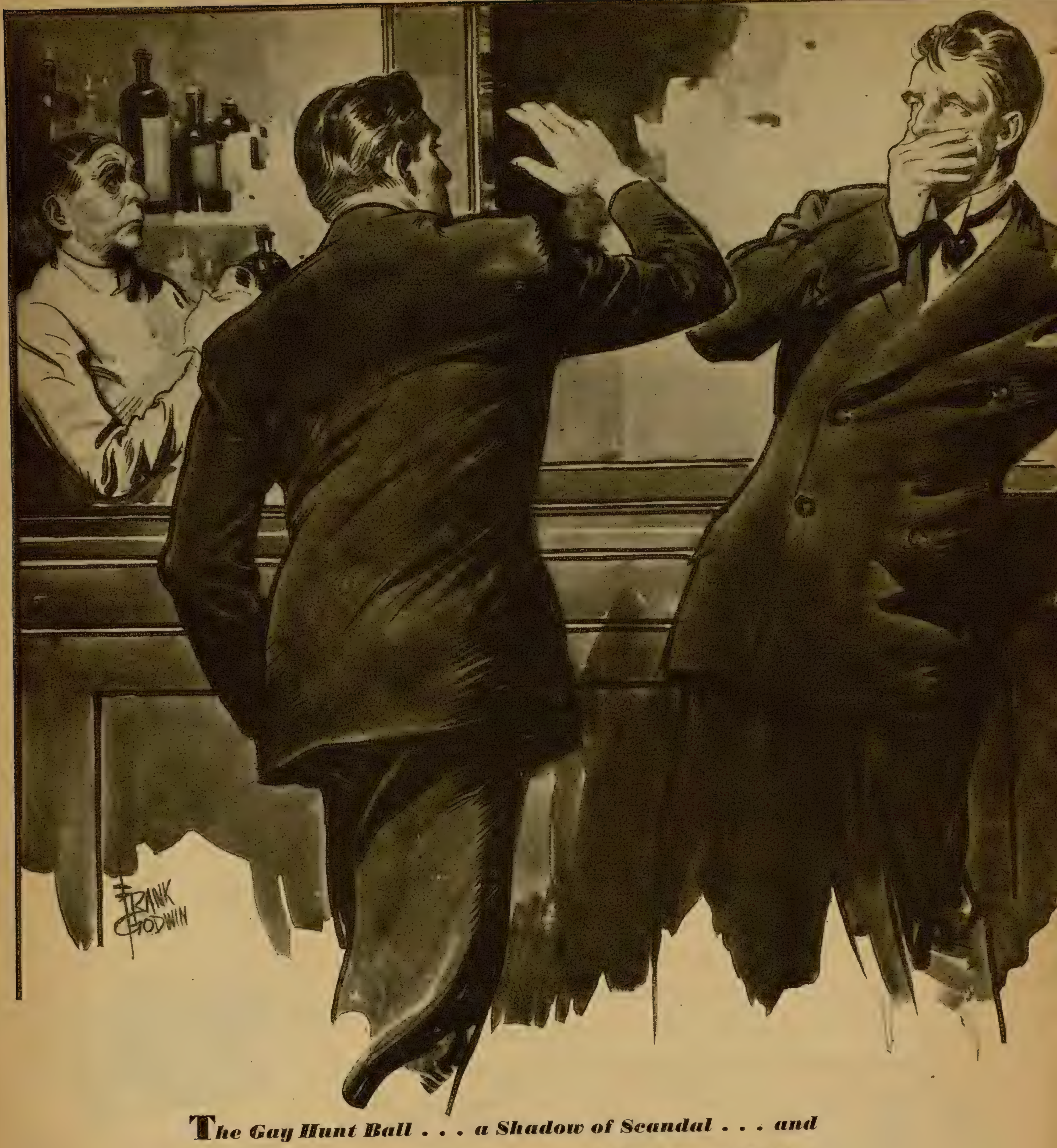

The Gay Hunt Ball . . . a Shadow of Scandal . . . and a New, Vivid Chapter in a Novel of Hearts and Riches

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

PAULA HARTLEY asks Tolman-Granger & Co., bankers, to extend the mortgage on her father's estate, Hartley Hall. A. E. Tolman, president of the firm, favors the extension, but Richard Ainlee, steely-eyed young junior partner, vetoes it. Then Ainlee goes to Meredith and bids in not only the estate but Paula's beloved hunter, Scatter Gold, at the foreclosure sale. The aristocratic Hartleys move to a smaller home.

A double motive prompts Ainlee's action. He remembers his poverty-stricken boyhood in Meredith, and how Major Hartley wrecked the political career of his late father. But more pointedly he is struck by Paula's rare beauty. With the aid of Margie Windle, who trained Scatter Gold, he learns to ride the mare. And he notes Tommy, Margie's young son, and a peculiar attitude displayed toward the boy by John Barron, Paula's admirer.

Ainlee retains the Hartley servants at the Hall, including Saunders, the butler, and Dan Carrick, the groom. But he

Ainlee struck him across the mouth with the flat of his hand.

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ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

feels it can never be a home to him without Paula as its mistress, so he decides to make a first overture of marriage to the girl by giving Scatter Gold back to her. Sylvia Marsden, Paula's aunt, warns Richard that Paula cannot be bought thus, and in truth the girl does refuse to accept the horse. Ainlee takes another tack. He advances $5,000 to the impoverished Major Hartley in a pseudo-partnership deal, but this only infuriates the girl.

At Charlie's Tavern with Margie, Ainlee hears of an old-time murder which Tubby, the host, had witnessed. Later he kisses Margie, but is unable to get his mind off Paula. Barron buys a horse, Troubadour, to race in the Hunt Cup event, and wagers Ainlee $10,000 that the big gray will beat Scatter Gold. The race, a social event, is now on.

PART FOUR—"GOOD WOMEN HAVE TO BE JUNGLE CATS"

THE going's too soft," said John Barron. "You can see the clots of turf in the air. Damn it, the soft going is against a heavy horse like Troubadour."

"The right horse never minds the wrong going," said Major Hartley.

Ainlee, somehow, was a little behind the others at the side of Sylvia Marsden.

"Now, Richard," she said, "what does it mean to you?"

"If Scatter Gold wins, I'm going to ask Paula Hartley to marry me. If she loses, I'm going to ask her anyway—after I've paid Barron," he answered.

"She doesn't like you," said Sylvia Marsden. "Do you know that?"

"Certainly I know it. But she respects me, I hope."

"I think she does," said Sylvia Marsden. "And that's enough for you?"

"Quite enough," said he. "Will you put your influence against me?"

"Yes, with all my might, until you wake up. Richard, Wall Street is not as big as the world!"

"I dare say," said Ainlee.

"What's the matter with that Carrick?" demanded John Barron. Then he laughed. "The fool is going to burn the spring out of his horse. Is Carrick drunk?"

Ainlee said in a clear voice, "I told Carrick to make the early pace and open up a gap. He's not drunk. He's only following orders."

A golden gleam of a horse was taking the fences well ahead of the field. That was Scatter Gold.

"What will you gain by burning up the mare in the early running?" asked Barron. "Her finish is her strong point."

He spoke with the glasses still at his eyes, without turning his head.

"I hope to unsettle your jockey, Barron," said Ainlee.

"Unsettle Charlie Chester?" exclaimed Barron.

Paula Hartley turned her head from the race and looked back.

"He knows that I've backed the mare heavily," said Ainlee. "Now if he sees her make a strange move he may be worried a good deal."

THERE was a big gap now between Scatter Gold and the rest of the field as they finished the first round of the course. Nearly two long miles remained. Malplaquet headed the rest of the field; the low-built mare, Pleasantry, was lapped on him. Big gray Troubadour was well back, but rounding the turn he went out from the rest of the horses suddenly.

"There he goes!" cried Sylvia Marsden.

"By gad, Charlie Chester is *insane!*" shouted Barron. "The mare couldn't keep that pace. She was sure to come back. It's one of Ainlee's financial tricks!"

"Johnny, be quiet," said the major.

Gray Troubadour ran up to the mare in a quarter of a mile. All the field strung out well behind.

"Look!" cried Barron. "Now Carrick is taking double wraps on the mare. He's holding her to a canter

and—the idiot Chester is doing the same thing to Troubadour. Look at Troubadour fight for his head."

Whatever was in Carrick's mind in slowing the pace so suddenly, Ainlee had no objection.

"Carrick is a master," he said. "Let him improvise as he pleases on my theme."

As the field swung around the eastern end of the valley it ran up to the leaders, and still Carrick went more and more slowly with Scatter Gold. Malplaquet caught her and went by, then Go It, then Pleasantry, the long, low mare.

But still Scatter Gold drifted back, and always the gray stallion attended at her side.

Then, at the fourth crossing of the creek, there was the first disaster. Ainlee could not see what happened. He only knew that the field went on and that five horses sprawled in the rear with their riders getting up slowly from the turf. The next big fence clicked off three more entries; two fell at the following jump. A great yelling and groaning filled the entire valley.

Pleasantry was well out in front, fencing beautifully, with Malplaquet and Go It in attendance. The huge hulk of Almsman began to come up as they rounded the last turn into the stretch. And still Scatter Gold, with the gray Troubadour beside her, was well back in the ruck.

"Chester's been bought! That's all there is to it. He sold me out!" cried Barron. "Look at that horse fighting for his head, and the damned scoundrel on his back won't let him go! I'm sold!"

Ainlee heard the major say savagely, "John, if you can't be a gentleman, at least try to be a *man!*"

And then the voice of Paula: "Scatter Gold!"

For, as the stretch was reached, Carrick let the mare have her head and set sail for the leaders—with big gray Troubadour jerked two or three lengths to the rear by this sudden change of pace. However, he found his stride at once and there was no more gaining on him.

SOMETHING else came up on the inside like a streak. That was Blue Mackerel. Almsman hit the next fence, caromed into Malplaquet, and both went down, while a yell of dismay rose tingling from the watchers.

And Ainlee forgot the people around him. He found his throat aching. He was crying out with all his might, "Scatter Gold! Scatter Gold!"

The finish was there, right there before them, and the long, low mare, Pleasantry, still skimmed along in the lead with mighty Blue Mackerel lapped on her, gaining by inches, and now Scatter Gold came drifting on steadily, up to the tail, the hip, the saddle of Blue Mackerel; and behind her the gray Troubadour was gaining with frightful speed.

Stretched as straight as a string she fought toward the finish. The big square sign marked the spot, but there should have been a finer line, a gleaming sword's edge, to show the exact instant of the race's end.

Then Pleasantry, having run so gallantly, seemed suddenly to have struck a patch of deep mud, so great was her labor as she was jerked quickly to the rear. Blue Mackerel, his ears flattened along his ugly skull, rushed on like a dragon, Scatter Gold at his shoulder, gray Troubadour—now black with sweat—at hers.

"Scatter Gold, go on!" shouted Ainlee, and flung his arms above his head.

She slid her head past Blue Mackerel's; the nose of Troubadour was at her throatlatch; it was even; it was past her!

Had he won?

They were beyond the finish now, and where had he passed the mare?

Well, beginning in an uproar near the finish and then flooding swiftly across the valley, ten thousand voices told the answer to the sky, crying, "Scatter Gold! Scatter Gold!"

"Ah, good heart! Brave girl!" said Ainlee.

"Scatter! Dear old Scatter!" said a whisper beside him.

He turned and looked down into the face of Paula Hartley.

"She won! She won!" said Ainlee, laughing huskily.

"Bless her, the darling!" said the girl. "She won for you, Richard."

"YOU made her. You trained her. She won for you, Paula," he said. "I want you to have her. I stole her with money. She belongs to you!"

All about them people swayed and tossed like a cross-tide in a sea. Hands were still in the air everywhere.

"Ah, but you love her. I can't take her away from you; but my whole heart goes out to you for offering her back to me," said the girl.

"I want you to take her," said Ainlee, "and Hartley Hall. Everything—I want you to take it all back. And me along with it, if you'll have me."

A sort of handstroke swept the rest of the picture from his eyes and left only the girl before him.

"Are you saying that you love me, Richard?" she asked.

"No," said Ainlee. "But I esteem you, Paula. I can't conceive of another woman as the mistress of Hartley Hall. I think that time—"

"What a *financial* genius you are!" said the girl, and turned her back on him.

Out of a queer whirling of time and space a voice said to him—that was Sylvia Marsden's, "You have to lead in the winner, Richard, you know. You'd better hurry down."

He was out on the track in the midst of the shiftings of the crowd with a feeling that he had no right to be there. But he went on, smiling pleasantly. The horses were drifting back toward the judges' stand. Hands and faces were electrically drawn toward Scatter Gold. Carrick's face was gray with a grin chiseled into it.

"You did it, Carrick," said Ainlee.

"*You* did it, sir," answered Carrick. "The gray devil is thirty pounds better than Scatter. He was coming like a hawk at the finish!"

Ainlee took the horse by the reins and led Scatter Gold in through a lane from which people withdrew, making an avenue of hearty applause.

During the weighing-in he heard the loud voice of Barron saying, "Of course Chester rode like a fool; but the gray is overrated. I'd sell him for a song."

Paula and the major were still with Barron.

"I'll buy Troubadour at your own price," said Ainlee.

"Ah? You? I wouldn't sell you the sweat off my fist," said Barron.

The major muttered something, but Barron said distinctly, "I'm damned if I will, sir. Racing shouldn't be a set of tricks!"

The major came

(*Continued on page twenty-six*)

THE MOST ROMANTIC MEN IN HOLLYWOOD

MANY times you have seen these men on the screen, Clark Gable—Gary Cooper—Herbert Marshall—Ronald Colman—George Brent—Leslie Howard—Robert Montgomery—William Powell—Franchot Tone—Warner Baxter—John Boles—Fredric March. Many times, in the romantic lover parts in which they are so often cast, they have lured you away from the cares and troubles of every day life into the land of make-believe.

But what about *their* every day lives? Are they the same glamorously romantic characters "off set" as on the screen? If you are one of the millions of men and women who have wondered about them you will be deeply interested and much enlightened by a feature article appearing in Photoplay for January. Entitled "Which Of These Men Could You Love, Honor and Obey?" it is a penetrating analysis of their glamorous love making on the screen, their likes and dislikes in private life and, in short, is a very real character study of Hollywood's twelve greatest romantic actors. By all means read it for the interest and information it contains.

Other High Spots in This Issue

All The World's His Stooge—a study of Jimmie Savo, great pantomimist and clown who may become another Chaplin. Will Your Favorite Star Survive Color? explaining the requirements of the new process color photography now coming into vogue • Romance With An Angel • Beauty Article by Madame Sylvia • Fun Like Mad • Hollywood Holiday Follies • Copperfield in Quest of His Youth • Making a Man's Picture and many other interesting and enlightening stories and features.

JANUARY

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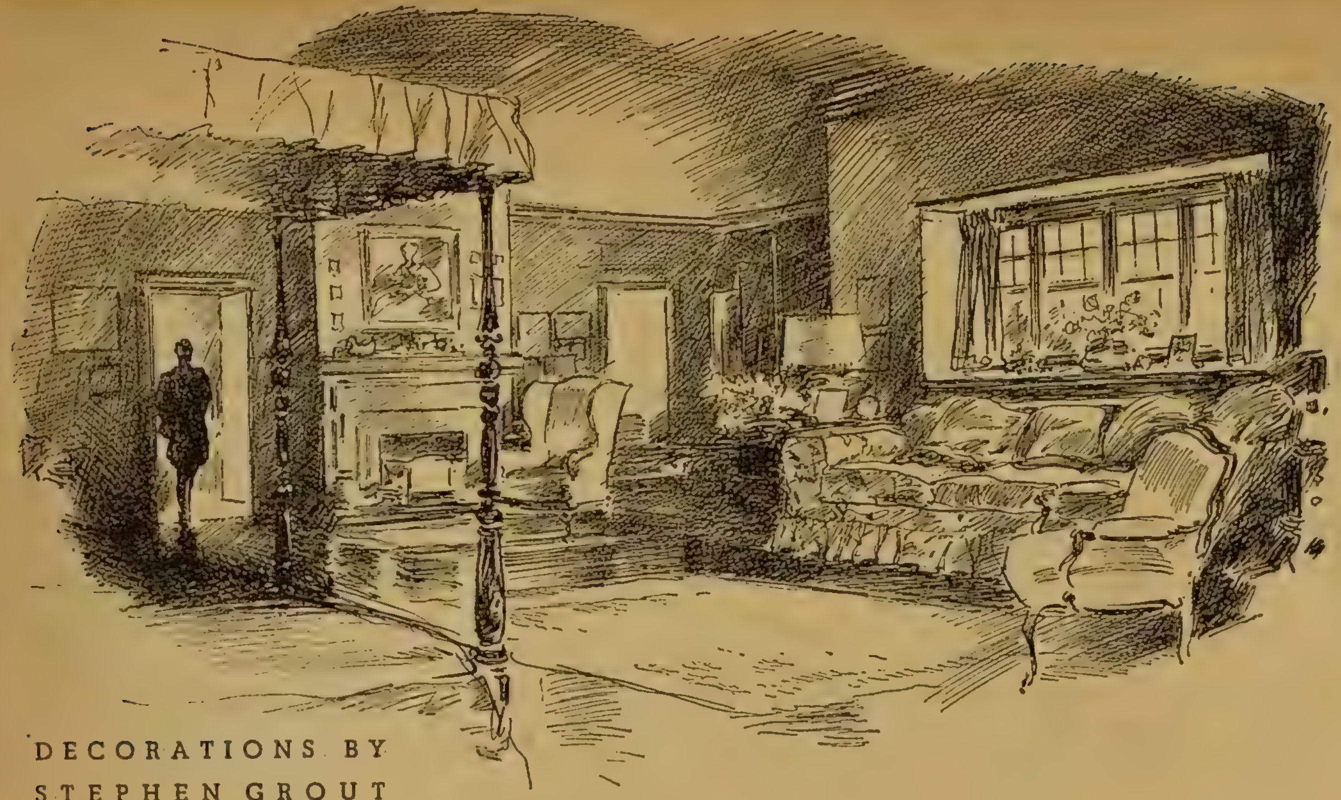

DECORATIONS BY STEPHEN GROUT

(Continued from page twenty-four)

right up to Ainlee in the most outright fashion and congratulated him.

"I'm sorry you lost on the thing," said Ainlee.

"Ah, a trifle, a trifle," said Hartley. "But about Johnny Barron—a little overwrought. You'll overlook it, Ainlee? He's a bit carried away."

"When there's a spur in your ribs it's hard to smile," answered Ainlee. "I'm perfectly willing to forget as soon as he wishes me to."

A good deal of bother followed—pictures of Scatter Gold alone, with rider, with owner and rider had to be stood for; and then there was the cup, the presentation, the hand-shaking, more pictures, a horde of introductions. When Ainlee was through with all that, he slid away into the crowd and found Margie Windle by a chance so singular that he knew it was not a chance at all.

"I never heard of a horse winning on borrowed brains before," she said. "I got three to one on a hundred and fifty dollars, Richard. That's three good little yearlings and a new saddle."

"There's a ball tonight at the Country Club," said Ainlee, "in honor of the Mantico Hunt Cup. Will you go there with me?"

"You forget something, don't you? Wherever people see me, they think of Tommy also."

"I'm not caring what people think."

"It's beautiful to think of going with you, but there'll be a scandal even if we dance with a sword between us."

"Damn the scandal," said he.

"Well—and the sword too," she answered.

"I'll come for you," he told her. "The president of the Hunt Club says there's dinner from eight o'clock on."

When he got back to the Hall he found that Carrick and the van had not yet arrived with Scatter Gold, so through the late afternoon he took a walk over the place with Tucker, the head gardener.

BUT Hartley Hall had become a mausoleum to him and the terraces had the dismal beauty of a cemetery.

Ainlee agreed to some of Tucker's suggestions for improvements, then went up the hill and found Carrick with Scatter Gold and an attending circle of adoring servants.

Ainlee went with Carrick into the big box stall of the mare, where she got a measure of oats and went after it greedily.

"I won ten thousand on this race, Carrick," he said. "That money goes to you."

"I don't want it," answered Carrick.

"What *do* you want? Double wages?"

"Well," said Carrick, "I want to stay on at the old place at the old pay. A few hundred dollars would be fine to have in the pocket, but ten thousand would send me down the old booze road."

"I understand," said Ainlee at last. He ran his hand over the silk of the mare's neck, already as dry and soft as ever from the dressing she had received. "Money can't buy a great deal of happiness."

He wished that he had not said this, because the truth of it kept ringing in his head as he left the stable and went back to the house.

A telephone message greeted Ainlee when he entered and the unforgettable sweet huskiness came into his ears as he listened.

"This is Margie. I've been thinking and getting scared. Richard, you can't take me to that party."

"I'm going to, though," he answered.

"Just now you may think you don't care what they say; but when you face them you'll wish that you'd never been born. I'm afraid. I've been wearing a checkrein all these last years to keep my head up. But suppose the rein breaks tonight? I'll be a baby on your hands."

"You'll never fail in a pinch."

"I've got an old black kind of a dress. Will it do? It's just a chiffon kind of a dress. I suppose I ought to look like a widow or something."

"I wish I could see you in it now," he told her.

She laughed. "Tommy says hello and he licked that boy with his *hands* today."

AINLEE went up to Paula's room. The sense of her came over him so vividly that as he pushed open the door it would hardly have surprised him to find her there.

He walked about until he realized that he was seeing nothing except his own pain.

When he walked into the Country Club with Margie Windle, of course Paula would understand that when the pinch came he had gone to his own kind.

Then a hearty anger rose in him.

There was nothing wrong with Margie Windle. She was as good as he—she was better—much better.

In the mirror he had a glimpse of staring eyes and pinched lips—a face that he had never seen before.

He took the blue car and drove through the dusk to Jorham.

A chunk of a girl with two pigtails down her back came to the door, chewing gum. "Uh-huh," she said. "Miss Windle's here. Come right in."

He was hardly a step from the door when Tommy came with a rush and caught his hand.

"Hey, come and lookat!" he cried.

"Hello!" said Marjorie Windle, picking up her coat. Her dress was *not* too low in the back; it was a flowing softness of chiffon.

"Don't put on your coat!" shouted Tommy. "Look at her, Mr. Ainlee. Just take a look at her. Ain't she beautiful?"

"She is, Tommy," said Ainlee. Her finger nails were not flashes of fire; she wore no make-up whatever. It would have looked too dishonest against the brown of her face.

"Be still, Tommy," she commanded.

"But lookat, will you, Mr. Ainlee?" shouted Tommy.

"I am looking, Tommy, as hard as I can," said Ainlee.

The girl with the chewing gum burst into mighty laughter.

"You do just look sweet, Margie," she said.

"My jiminy," panted Tommy, "I could just look and look. Are you gonna kiss me good night? I won't touch you, except kissing."

She caught him into her arms and kissed him repeatedly.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy!" she said over him softly and fiercely.

He broke away.

"Now you gone and smashed everything, I bet!" he cried. "No, you look all right, I guess. Mr. Ainlee, don't you touch her, will you?"

"No, Tommy," he said.

The chunky girl squealed with laughter again.

"Put him to bed right away, Sally," said Margie Windle. "Read to him. You know what. The minute his eyes are closed, you can go home. He's not afraid of the dark; it's just getting to sleep that's a little hard."

As they went out the door Ainlee stooped over Tommy.

"She's going to win!" he whispered.

Tommy jerked up his head with a flash of triumph, and his face at that moment reminded Ainlee of some one else, a resemblance which he could not quite place. It was the thought that he might have met already the father of Tommy that made him grave as he got into the car beside the girl.

He sent the car quietly down the slope, twisted it through the streets of Jorham, and then made it hiss with speed along the highway.

He said, "Are you afraid?"

"Yeah. Scared. How scared I am! Take the low road around—take the road through Meredith," she pleaded. "It's longer. I need more time. Do you mind?"

HE took that way. The dark face of the lake was streaked with paths of light that tiptoed rapidly over the ripples. The motor was only whispering at its work as they entered the town. He went down Second Street.

"There's where I used to live," he said.

"I know," she answered. "When I came back through the town today I went to see the house. I looked through the windows and saw the little boy with the fighting jaw. He was playing around—a sassy sort of a ghost, Richard. He thumbed his nose at me, I think."

"The impudent little rat," said Ainlee. "I'll have to take him in hand."

"Don't you do it, or he may hate me all his life. That would be terrible."

He put his hand over hers for a moment.

"Are *you* afraid?" she asked.

"A little," he said.

They left the town and took the deep windings of the road toward the Country Club. They were silent until the stone pillars of the gate were close. Among the big trees, transparently in leaf, colored lanterns were shining.

"Don't go in! Go past!" cried the girl suddenly.

He went past obediently.

"Turn up that lane to the left, please!" she begged.

He turned up the lane. At a fork in the way he stopped the car and switched to the curb lights. Her face was in her hands.

"I'll be all right in a minute," she said. "Have you got anything to drink in the car?"

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“I have a flask. Try this.” He offered her the flask.

She took it and then shook her head. “No, I won't be swigging liquor in your car. You'd think about that afterward.”

“No, I wouldn't think of it.”

“You would. Take it back.”

He put the flask away in the side pocket of the door. She was lying inert with her head far back.

“It just hit me all at once,” she murmured. She took a breath and said through her teeth, “All my life it's got to be this way. And Tommy—”

“Tommy is one of the best.”

“D'you know who his father is? D'you want to know?”

“No,” said Ainlee. He put out a hand and gathered hers in it. “Shall we dodge this party after all?”

“No. You want to take me, and that makes it a perfect place to go. Only, my heart is doing such a crazy dance. Will you kiss me?”

The light from the instrument board skipped over her face but he could see the sheen of her eyes changing as they looked up at him, wide open.

“I promised Tommy not to,” he answered.

At last she said, “I like that. But what does it mean?”

“It means that I'm terribly fond of you, Margie.”

“I'm not going to mind the doggy people at the club now. They're not going to matter.”

“Of course they don't matter.”

“I want to tell you something important: I've been free and easy; but I was only messy with one man for one crazy while.”

“I know that,” said Ainlee.

“Then I want to make you a promise: If I should ever get completely dizzy about you, I'll say good-by. I won't let you get into trouble through me.”

Before he could answer she sat up with a long, indrawn breath.

“I'm all right now. Let's go back.”

He turned the car at the fork and drove back to the main road, through the stone pillars, and up the drive that bent among the great rolling lawns. Small tables had been set out near the clubhouse; they sparkled with silver and glassware.

“We're going to eat outdoors,” she said, “and that'll make the breathing a lot easier.”

He parked in the reserved space, already filled with precise files of cars.

Then they were past the front door.

“WHY, hello, Peter,” said Marjorie Windle to a tall blond young man. He started and made half a step, but his eyes went askance and anchored on the faces of the two women who were with him.

“Why—hello!” he answered feebly.

The women moved away, outflanking Peter entirely.

“I'm not going to believe my eyes,” said the older one. She spoke loudly.

“That was a hard one,” said Marjorie softly, “but I don't mind.”

A woman said in one of those breathless booming voices, “It's the Windle female!” The words echoed and carried, pulling people suddenly about. And out of a group just at hand turned a tall girl so young that her joints were bigger than the soft of her arms.

“Oh—” she said. “Why—why, it's—”

“Time to forget me, Julia, isn't it?” asked Margie Windle calmly.

The girl ducked her head as she turned away again.

“Aren't they nice?” said Marjorie, looking up at Ainlee.

A “New Deal” in Banking

By F. Gregory Hartswick

A man went into a bank and cashed a check. There's nothing remarkable about that—but the teller, who was in a hurry, reversed the dollars and cents: that is, he gave the man as many dollars as there were cents in the check, and as many cents as there were dollars.

The man, who had no other money in his pocket, went out and spent $3.50. Then he counted his money and found that he still had exactly twice the value of the original check.

Now, assuming that a bank would really give you more money than you asked for (this is a puzzle, remember, and anything can happen in a puzzle):

What was the value of the original check?

The answer will be found on page 46

He could not believe that these things were happening. He found himself saying in a distinct, raised voice, “I think we might enjoy the night and the lawns in spite of the people.”

Then the Hartleys moved out of a side door, with Barron looming near Paula. The major's face looked redder than ever above his white tie and shirt.

There was a general greeting in which it seemed to Ainlee that the party showed not the slightest restraint in the presence of Margie. But he knew now that he wanted to study the reactions of Paula. There were none that he could see. Her calm was perfect.

ONLY Barron, with no disguise, stared at Ainlee as he had never been looked at before; his glance entered the body and the brain.

“Shall we find a table, father?” asked Paula. She was still smiling, and the smile was ice.

Sylvia Marsden said, “Why not make a party of six? I've never had a good talk with the best horsewoman in Mantico.”

“I don't think six would be comfortable around one of those tables,” observed Paula. Her glance trailed over Ainlee, dismissed him among other vacancies, moved on.

“I don't see why! We'll put two tables together,” urged the major.

“I'm trying to sell horses to Mr. Ainlee,” said Margie. “If you don't mind, I'd rather be somewhere on the outer edge of things.”

She glanced straight at Paula and Paula deliberately looked away. She took the arm of John Barron and began to move off, smiling up at him. The major was saying, “But we'll have a talk before the evening's over, Richard? Idea dawned on me this morning. I'll see you later and go into details. A little later—when you've sold him a whole troop of horses, Miss Windle. Come along, Sylvia.”

But Mrs. Marsden lingered to say quietly, “Don't let Paula and the rest of the jungle cats get you down, Margie. For one thing, they're so damned jealous—”

She went on with the major and Ainlee took the girl out on to the lawn. Behind some cedars an orchestra was jazzing a new tune. People were already dancing.

Said Ainlee to the waiter, “Over there between the two trees. And bring us some of those cocktails.”

He settled Marjorie Windle into her chair and stood for a moment behind her.

“That handkerchief of yours is no good. Take this big one, Margie. I want to do murder—with a cleaver.”

“Even your handkerchief is a large comfort to me. Nobody would know that I'm crying, would they? I'd die, sooner than that. I only look as though I'm powdering my nose, don't I?”

“Exactly,” said he.

“Come around where I can look at you now. That's better. Don't be so savage, Richard. I could have stood everything—except that Paula cut me down.”

Waiters were on the run in all directions. Now and then people shifted from their tables and went in couples toward the dance floor.

“When you're ready to dance, let me know,” Ainlee said.

“Dance?” she said. “I'd as soon go swimming among sharks!”

“We have to do it,” answered Ainlee.

They got through to coffee before they heard the voice of Major Hartley asking, “Miss Windle anywhere about?”

"Not here, I'm sure," answered the sharp voice of a woman.

"Sylvia Marsden calls them jungle cats," observed Ainlee.

"Good women have to be jungle cats; otherwise what's the good of being good?" said Margie. "They've got to show men what happens to a Margie Windle afterward. That teaches the boys not to pick up a lost cause."

He lighted a cigarette for her as the major and Sylvia Marsden came up.

"Run along and dance with Raymond," said Sylvia to the girl.

"I don't think I'll dance, thank you," said Margie.

"Please do. The floor isn't crowded and the music is good," urged the major.

"The poor dear has to keep his weight down, Marjorie," said Sylvia Marsden. "You ought to help."

Margie gave one look to Ainlee and then was off with Major Hartley. Sylvia settled into a chair with a sigh.

"Come here, waiter," said she. "Tell the bartender that Mrs. Marsden wants Scotch. He'll know what to send. Now, Richard, what do you think of Paula?"

"I'm not thinking," he answered. "I can't think."

"The wretched, spiteful hussy!" said Sylvia Marsden. "I'm ready to disown my share in her. But how Margie Windle took it! What a trump she turned out to be! Of course it's entirely your fault. What do you mean by bringing the poor girl here? Answer me, Richard!"

He had to consider before he replied, "I didn't know that people could be like these. As for Margie Windle—well, she's one of the nicest I've ever known. In the old days the Country Club used to look a lot more important to me than Mount Vernon or the White House. Whenever I thought of it, I thought of gentlemen and ladies. I think Margie had the same foolish idea."

Sylvia took the drink which the waiter had brought, tossed it off.

"Richard, why did you bring Margie Windle here?"

"Because I like her a great deal."

"YOU could see her a thousand places besides the Hunt Cup Ball. What was your reason? You always have a reason for everything."

"I haven't any reason. I didn't know that people could act like this crew tonight."

"After Paula slapped you today, did you want to show her that one woman is as good as another as far as you're concerned?"

"No, I didn't want to show her that. There was a Hunt Cup Ball. I thought I ought to come. I knew no one to bring except Margie."

"Paula wasn't in your mind?"

He started to deny that, but honesty stopped him. She *had* been in his mind all the time, like an arrow in a wound.

"Well, this doesn't lead to anything," he said.

"It leads to a great deal. I think that a queer torturing of injured vanity and pride made you ask Margie—aside from the fact that she's one of the nicest girls in the world."

"She's that," said Ainlee thoughtfully.

She said, "If Paula came to you humbly and said, 'Richard, I was proud and difficult. I'm sorry. I think you're a very real man, but I haven't been used to people like you'—if she said that, what would it do to you? I've never seen Paula snub a human being in her life. Why Margie, then? Was it news that Margie had a baby without the grace of clergy? No. But it was news to see her with Richard Ainlee."

"Nonsense."

"IT isn't nonsense. If God Almighty snapped His fingers, you two would fall into each other's arms. Now what are you going to do? Carry on with this nonsense about Margie Windle, or take her home, kiss her good-by, and get down at once to the serious business of Paula and the real future?"

"Margie is all right," he answered. "She's a friend."

"Bah!" she cried. "Friendship never looked like that in evening clothes. Friendship my foot! Friendship like that begins in the head and winds up in the bed. You may not know it, but every woman knows it; and Paula is a woman. Richard, you make me so damned angry that I have to have another drink. Bring me one, will you?"

He went back into the clubhouse slowly, trying to think but only being unhappy.

When he got to the bar he found a score of men who had come in for a "quick one."

The deep resonant voice of Barron called, "A dash of that Grandfather's rye, Billy. Make it snappy, will you?"

A chuckling murmur spread around Barron. His face shone as brightly as his eye with dancing and liquor. His voice was even bigger than before as he said, "There he is. Family dirt is deeper than the skin. It always shows. Wet dirt in drunken Dick Ainlee; better than the dry dirt in his son."

Ainlee walked straight toward Barron, without haste, and the crowd separated, curious to see what he would do. The bigness of Barron grew on his eye like a mountain.

"Well?" he demanded in his great voice, as Ainlee came up.

Ainlee struck him across the mouth with the flat of his hand.

Richard Ainlee accepted the slight of Paula Hartley; he passed over the veiled insults handed Margie Windle by the other women. But he couldn't withstand John Barron's drunken slur on the name of his dead father. What happens now? Next week's installment carries the brittle young banker deeper into his battle of money against love.

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Will CONGRES

A Survey of Possibilities, Disturbing and Otherwise, That Portend a Crisis for the New Deal and Bid Fair to Make This Winter a Turning Point in Our History

by

JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE Congress which was elected in the New Deal landslide election of November 6, 1934, is a fair picture of an America which has faith in Roosevelt, approves what he has done, and wants him to go on doing it. This Congress is the result of both a vote of confidence in the New Deal and popular marching orders to the New Dealers to go forward boldly and produce results.

Nearly every one had expected the "normal" swing back toward Republicanism in an off year. Even the Democratic high command conceded the loss of thirty or forty seats in the House of Representatives.

Instead, the country was staggered. The Roosevelt forces won control of two thirds of the Senate and the House and of three quarters of the state governments—enough to amend the Constitution. New Dealers won against Old Dealers pretty generally, but especially in the Middle West, where the Republican Progressives and the Farmer-Labor Party held out against the regular parties and threatened to form a third party in 1936 unless the Roosevelt administration delivered the goods.

At the same time the conservative forces in the East and North moved rapidly to join Roosevelt when they saw they could not beat him. Even before the election the business groups fell into line, and soon the bankers, the Chamber of Commerce group, and the Manufacturers Association were pledging coöperation and warning the administration that Roosevelt's real enemies were the "wild men" in Congress. Within a fortnight of the vote politics in America had split between conservatives and radicals, with the President holding the balance between the opposing forces.

The country had spoken and Congress was its appointed representative at Washington to help the President make the changes needed to wipe out unemployment and to distribute our abundant wealth to our own people. The vote was not only an overwhelming indorsement of the New Deal and of Roosevelt as its leader but was also an order to continue the New Deal's "trial and error" method of democracy to the limit.

A prominent New Dealer summed up the situation as follows: "In 1932 the people gave Roosevelt a blank check, not to be cashed for *more* than a certain amount. In 1934 they gave him another blank check, this time not to be cashed for *less* than that amount. And this time," he added, "the President will cash it!"

During the first two years of the New Deal, Congress loaned part of its constitutional powers to the President, until the conservatives complained of its "supine surrender." During the next two years Congress will attempt to give a lead to the President, and in a little while you will hear the conservatives begging Roosevelt to "stand firm" and assert his constitutional powers against the popular forces represented in Congress.

These forces are very simple and very strong. They want a country in which a man who is willing and able to work can obtain employment and not charity; where the worker will enjoy a fair measure of security in his job, with decent housing and adequate food and clothing for himself and his family; and where the farmer who knows his job will receive enough to keep his land in shape, pay his taxes and debts, and raise and educate his family. And they do not care very much what else goes by the board if economic liberty along these lines is assured to them.

This is not radicalism. It is simple common sense. While this country can produce plenty for every one there is no real reason why millions of our people should stand in need of even a pittance, or why our national production per capita—measured in goods and not in money—should be below what it was before the war.

It is the task of New Deal statesmanship to bring the supply of goods and the demand of human needs together, even if it involves changing large parts of our business and banking system. Just as Lincoln had to invent a new banking system to fight the Civil War, so may Roosevelt have to invent new methods to win the war on poverty.

In this war Congress is prepared to take an enthusiastic part, but it will not run wild unless the New Deal shrinks from the new responsibilities of government: to see that our business system is run so as to feed, clothe, and shelter our people by their own efforts.

There is no choice in the matter. Behind the great personal popularity of President Roosevelt and behind his towering Democratic majorities stand the forces which created them and which can also destroy them. These forces are the 10,000,000 unemployed, the 20,000,000 people on relief, and the 35,000 young men who come of working age each month and to whom the present system offers neither jobs, hope, nor marriage. This is the death's-head at the feast, the pistol at the head of every modern government. It was this which created the New Deal and which will keep Congress insistent on a permanent and solid relief of our present troubles.

Every real obstacle has been swept aside. The Republican Old Guard tried to stop the avalanche and all but destroyed the great Republican Party. Older leaders—like Fess of Ohio, Reed of Pennsylvania, Hatfield of West Virginia, and Walcott of Connecticut—were swept from power. New national leaders are arising: the younger La Follettes in Wisconsin, Olson in Minnesota, Long in Louisiana, and Bilbo in Mississippi. The defeat of Upton Sinclair in California did not stop the agitation for his EPIC plan to "end poverty in California." The West and South are beginning to unite on a radical program, and the great Mississippi Valley region—north and south—is taking form as a political unit which may be running the country in another ten years. There is plenty of political steam behind the New Deal which Roosevelt is engineering.

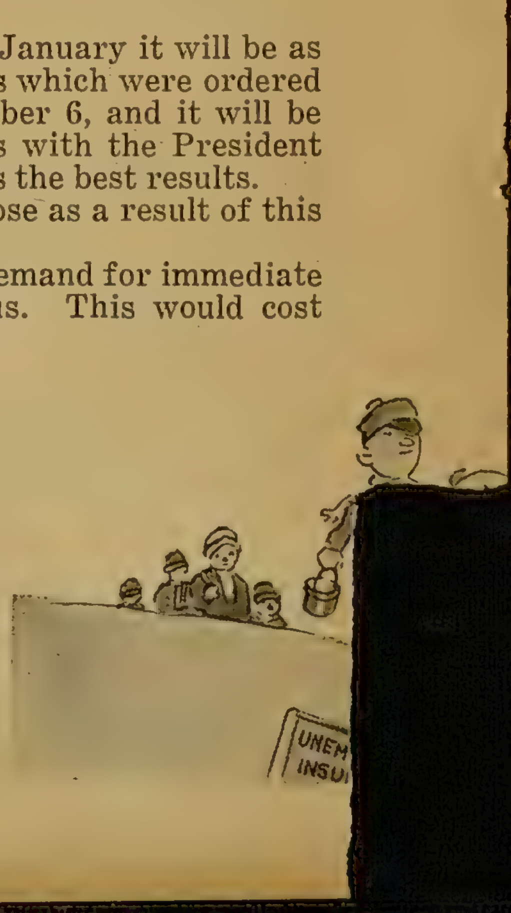
So when Congress meets early in January it will be as the active coexecutive of the changes which were ordered by the people in the vote of November 6, and it will be prepared to work for those changes with the President or without him, whichever way offers the best results.

What changes will Congress propose as a result of this demand for permanent relief?

First and foremost will come the demand for immediate cash payment of the soldiers' bonus. This would cost $2,000,000,000.

Then there will come the demand for a permanent program of public works, housing, etc., running to about $5,000,000,000 more a year.

Then will come the trimmings: unemployment insurance, old-age



The administration program will enjoy the full support of this Congress—with a few exceptions.

S RUN WILD?

insurance, sickness insurance, all of them costing billions a year.

Then there will be the demand for relief to keep on feeding our 20,000,000 destitute. Billions more.

At the same time the farmers and the labor unions will insist on getting more, throwing fresh burdens on private finance and profits.

The administration's answer to these demands will be to concentrate fiercely on the task of providing jobs instead of relief for unemployment. Private business, both inside and outside the NRA set-up, has been pledged to coöperation. The banks have agreed to help, and the Federal Reserve Board has been reorganized so as to give the government practical control of credit. Industries have been lined up to spend their billions of dollars of "depreciation reserves" on new machinery and equipment. The big housing campaign has been started and the administration will bolster up the whole with a huge two-year Public Works program; while, by attacking the supposedly high rates of the public utilities, the costs of industrial power will be brought down so as to reduce all operating costs. Thus, the expense of the recovery program will be carried by cheaper power.

The administration program will enjoy the full support of Congress—with the exception of those few who will always complain that it is "too radical," or that it "doesn't go far enough."

EVENTUALLY two great developments will emerge from the struggle as the real political issues of the age.

The first of these will be the idea of production designed to meet human needs rather than to assure private profits—the idea which lay behind the EPIC plan in California and the method developed by the FERA in Ohio—to combine idle men, idle lands, idle factories, and idle money so as to take the burden of supporting the needy off the backs of the hard-pressed taxpayers and to maintain the morale and self-respect of our people.

The second of these will be the creation of a nationally owned and controlled central banking system which will direct the issuance of credit along the lines best calculated to keep men at work in productive security.

These will be the real issues in this present Congress and may well become the decisive issues of the 1936 election. And they will mark the crisis of the New Deal. They will decide whether democracy will survive in the United States or whether we shall submit to a dictatorship by big business and banking. The struggle will probably be brought out in the open by the President's attack upon the public utilities' system of profitable private monopoly control over our electric light and power.

Whether Congress will "run wild" from this point on will depend on whether President Roosevelt and his administration are able to move far and fast enough to the radical left to take the steam out of the radicals without driving the big property owners into a panic on the California order or a stampede for big business fascism.

This means that the responsibilities of the President will be doubled and quadrupled. In many ways the New Deal tidal wave was a vote of confidence in F. D. R.; in many other ways it has given him and Congress the marching orders to end poverty in America.

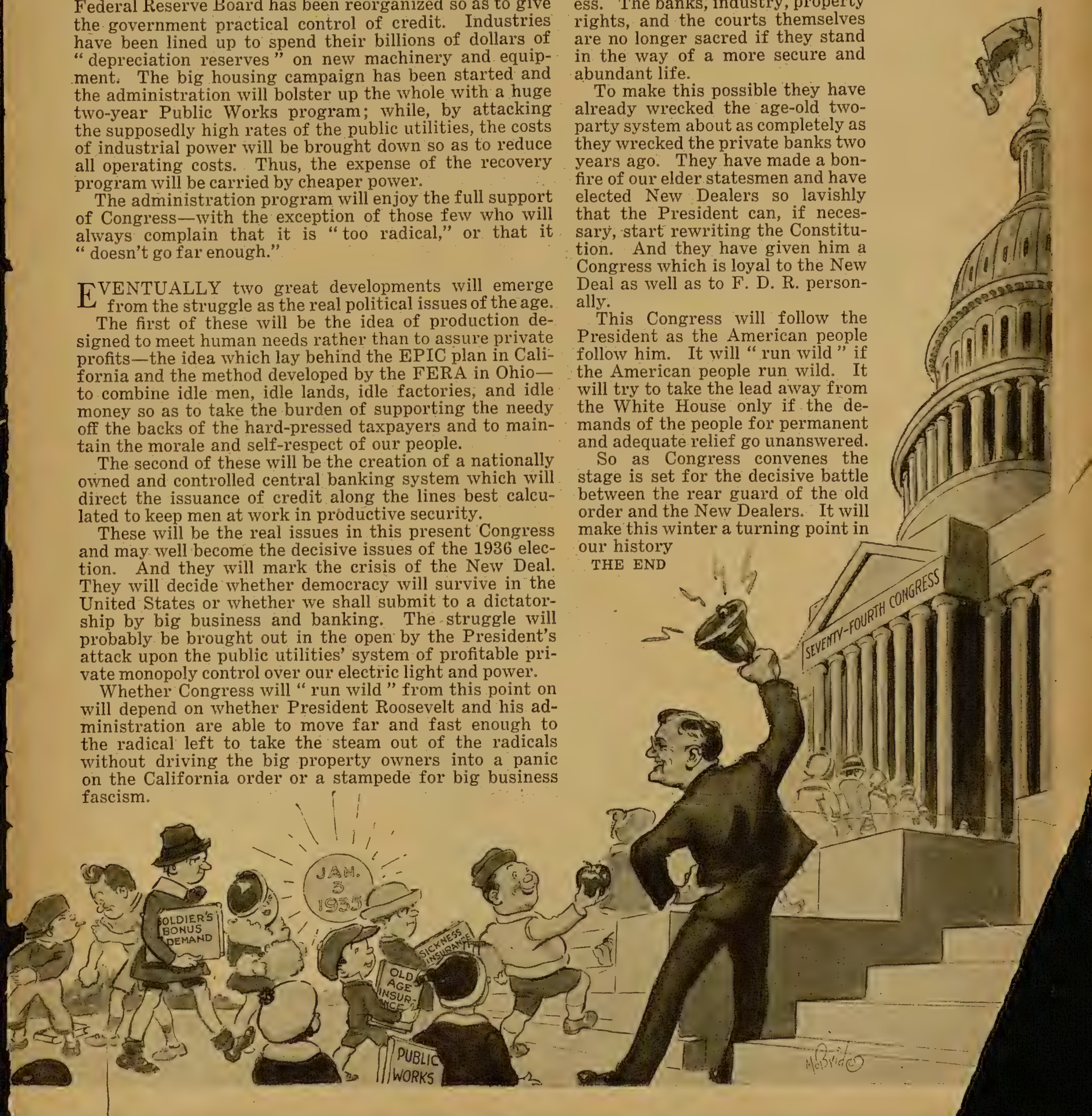
The American people have voted with their minds, their stomachs, their check books, and their ballots for an end to this inexcusable juxtaposition of fantastic abundance and niggardly poverty. They have put it up to Roosevelt and to Congress to find a way to do this, and they have shown that they do not care what sacred cows are hornswoggled and branded in the process. The banks, industry, property rights, and the courts themselves are no longer sacred if they stand in the way of a more secure and abundant life.

To make this possible they have already wrecked the age-old two-party system about as completely as they wrecked the private banks two years ago. They have made a bonfire of our elder statesmen and have elected New Dealers so lavishly that the President can, if necessary, start rewriting the Constitution. And they have given him a Congress which is loyal to the New Deal as well as to F. D. R. personally.

This Congress will follow the President as the American people follow him. It will "run wild" if the American people run wild. It will try to take the lead away from the White House only if the demands of the people for permanent and adequate relief go unanswered.

So as Congress convenes the stage is set for the decisive battle between the rear guard of the old order and the New Dealers. It will make this winter a turning point in our history

THE END



Darn Kid

She Was Romance, but He Didn't Know It: Love Can Be So Blind!—You'll Like This Swift, Smile-a-Minute Story of How One Young Man's Eyes Were Opened

by PAUL LOOMIS

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

A DECREPIT Model T Ford nosed into Steve's Garage, quivered apprehensively, and made a lunge for the rear of the shop. Midway there it tangled with a hostile truck, sputtered hysterically, and expired.

The driver swore fluently and climbed out of it. He was long and lean and outlandishly dirty. He stalked toward the front of the shop, mopping his melancholy face with a grimy bandanna.

The door of a blue coupé job popped open. A tall gangling girl with freckles and limp brown hair spilled out of the car and hitched up her stockings.

"'Lo, Steve!" she said breathlessly. "Guess what! I got eighty in algebra."

"I could get near eighty outa that Ford if I could keep it on the road," Steve said. He blew his nose deafeningly.

"Gee, gosh—I can drive a flivver!" said Laura May Walker excitedly. "I'll drive it for you!"

Steve Lawson glared. "Oh, you will, will you? Why don't you eat and sleep here, while you're about it? You're haunting this joint most of the time."

Laura May looked him in the eye. "Is that so funny?" she said indignantly. "I love you!"

The man recoiled with a yelp. "You've no sense of delicacy!" he shouted. He shook his huge fist under her nose. "The trouble with you's your bringing up! You ain't got any. Your old man's made a monstrosity outa you. He oughta farmed you out. You're a total loss to mankind. A public menace! A—" Laura May patted his fist delightedly, and he jerked it away. "Oh—go 'way! I dunno why I don't wring your goofy neck. I will, one of these days. Anything but a darn kid mooning around!"

Laura May's abysmal brown eyes wigwagged danger. Steve got up and hitched up his abominable trousers. He gathered up some stray wrenches and fired them under the car and wormed himself in after them.

The public menace blew up.

"You're a mean old thing!" she yelled. "You think you're smart! You insult everybody! You swear something frightful! You live alone like a filthy woodchuck! You—you—" Breath, not ideas, failed her.

Steve's ego strutted. "A hick town like this has to have an element of mystery, kid."

"Applesauce! The town laughs at you!"

"That's only fair. I laugh at the town."

Laura May subsided. She looked anxious.

"I don't laugh at you—not even when I see you trying to drive a Model T Ford. Whud you get that old can for, anyway?"

"For migratory purposes, kid. I'm going down South."

Laura May went white under her freckles. "Wh—what's the big idea?" she squeaked.

"The idea is," said Steve—"I'm gonna get married."

Laura May gasped. She strangled. She plunged to her hands and knees and gaped popeyed.

"M-m-married! *You?*"

There was silence—worlds of it. Then Steve said casually: "There's a girl in Florida I used to go with."

Laura May transferred herself tenderly to the running board. "I'm dying!" she declared. "I am. Of jealousy. I never felt so awful in all my life. I—"

"Lucille's a swell girl," Steve expanded. "It ain't just her looks. She's class. She's got Orlando by the tail. It's no place to sneeze at, either. But she's sorta old-fashioned, too, Lucille is. She can sew, and make the most delicious pies, and she can blush—say, kid, you oughta see that baby blush! You never saw anything so rich in your young life!"

"What made that woman blush like that?" Laura May demanded furiously.

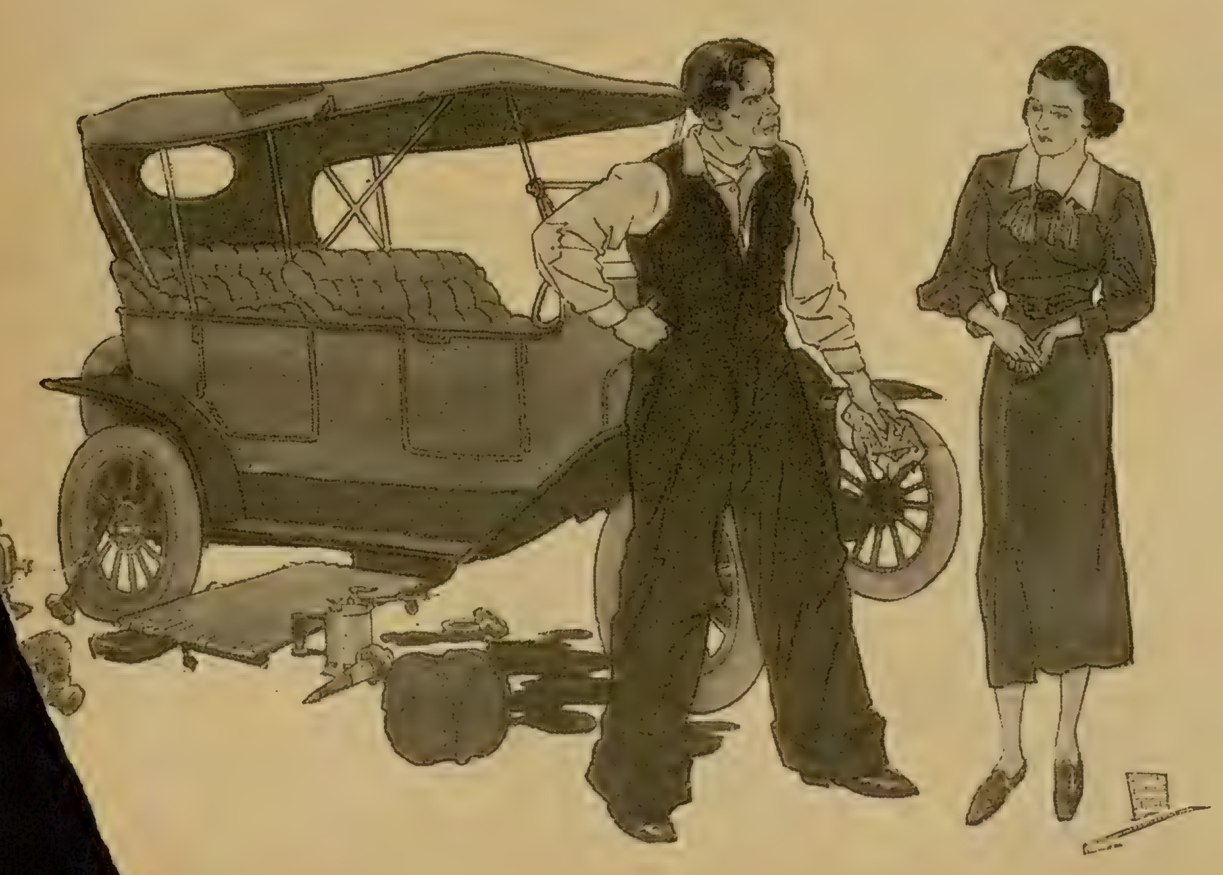
Steve hesitated. "I don't know why I'm telling you this." He blew the dirt from the threads of a bolt. "Must be the sense of guilt wearing me down—"

"You kissed her!" Laura May said wildly.

"Kid, you're a wonder!"

Laura May wrung her hands. She started to tear her hair but thought better of it.

"Lucille's waited a long time for me," Steve said, tapping a



"You've no sense of delicacy!" he shouted. "You're a total loss to mankind. A public menace!"

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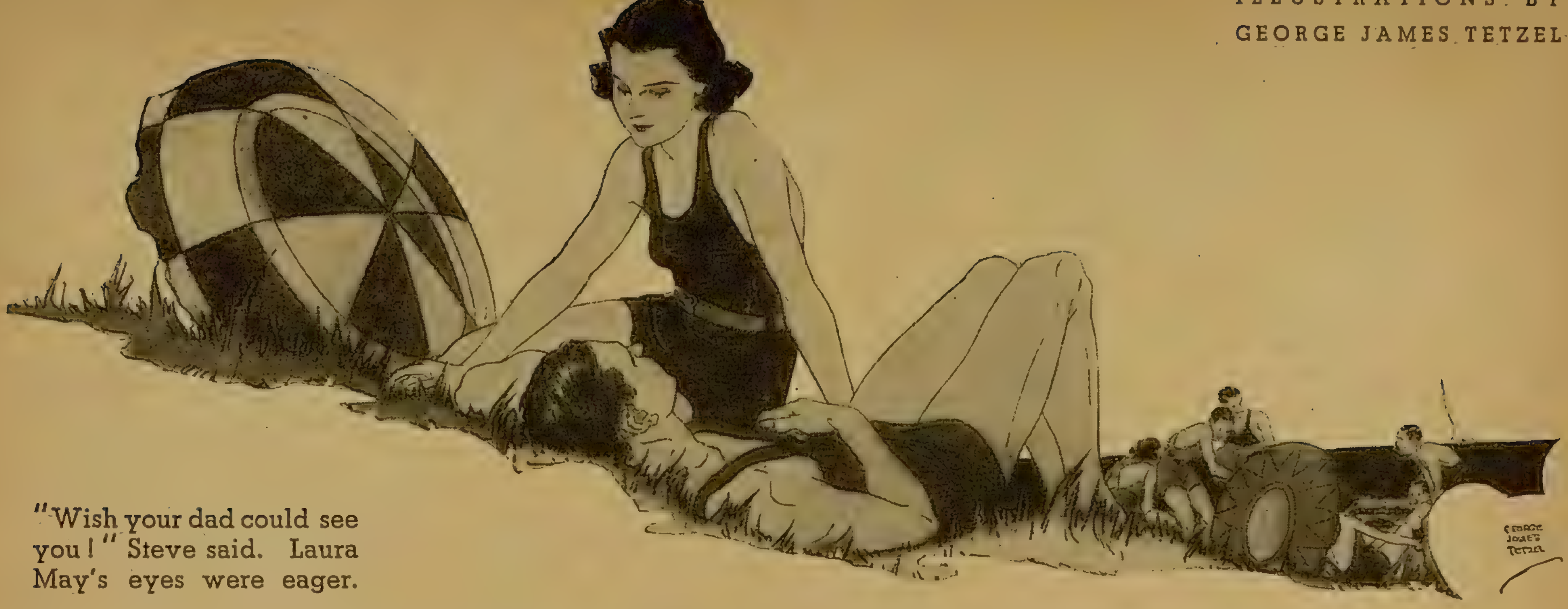


"Wish your dad could see you!" Steve said. Laura May's eyes were eager.

bolt into place. "Five years. Is that love, or is it? I ask you. Can you tie that, now?"

"You're darn tootin' I can tie it!" shouted Laura May. "Over and over! How long have *I* waited for you? Do you know? Do you? Fifteen years! *Fifteen long years!* That's what *I've* done! So there! And you ought to marry me! You know you had! I'd make you a perfectly lovely wife! You don't realize—"

"Golly!" said Steve. "That's good, kid—that's rich!"

She made a dive for her books. "I'm going home! Right now!"

Steve was concerned. "What—so soon? You must be losing your vitality, Laura. I figured you were just getting nicely limbered up."

"Oh—dry up!" Laura May plodded to the door. "I've got to make biscuits for supper," she said miserably.

"Mm-mm!" An involuntary comment.

Laura May paused. "See, if I was your wife you'd have biscuits for supper every night of your life. Nice hot bis—"

"Aw—*scram!*"

She did.

"There's a limit," complained Steve, flopping out from under the coupé. "That infant'll drive me nuts!"

Dusk was creeping into the garage. Steve scuffed to the door and slouched against the grimy timbers. The hills loomed purple-gray against the sunset. The tang of wood smoke came to Steve's nostrils, and to his ears the gentle stir and tinkle of the village.

Steve began to grin. "The darn kid's a circus," he chuckled. "You can't always dope her out." . . .

Laura May failed to show up for her customary rehearsal the next day. Several days passed and still no sign of her. Steve got curiously worried. He ambled around by Walker's one night on his way home from the shop.

He stamped into the kitchen. Nobody bothered to knock in Elmville. An oil lamp burned jewel-bright on the pinkly scrubbed pine table, but there was no one in the room. Steve flopped down in a spraddling old rocker by the range. The fire droned and crackled and the place smelled immaculately of soap and spices and fresh-cut firewood.

Steve thought: "Golly, it takes what a girl's got. Laura don't do so bad, for a young kid."

He thought: "But wait'll Lucille steps into this burg. She'll show 'em something. The whole town'll be pie-yed!" He grinned with relish.

Laura May's father clumped into the room with an rmful of wood. A gaunt, stooped, taciturn man.

"Nights getting cool, Ben," Steve said.

"How're ye, Steve?" said Benjamin Walker. "Yeah, ey be." He threw down the wood and picked up a huge oty pipe from the table, filled it and began to puff wly. "Laurie's sick," he said.

"I thought mebbe," Steve said. "Anything bad?"

"She's ketched cold. Laurie's puny, Steve. Fearful puny. Now, take last winter. Had the flu twicet."

He shook his head. He opened the stove and shoved in a stick of wood.

"Doc 'lows she orter have a change o' climate. South or somewheres. Says it's the only help fer her." His weather-beaten face contracted. "Encouragin', ain't it? You know how things is, Steve."

Benjamin Walker dragged up a chair and sank into it. There was a long silence while the fresh wood in the stove snapped and whined and a big clock somewhere in the house ticked hollowly.

Steve said:

"I'm going to Florida, Ben. It's dead as hell here in the winter. Now, look. I could take the kid along. Find her a place to stay. Course, I dunno. It might look—people might—"

He broke off, and eyed Walker quizzically. Benjamin Walker put his pipe in his mouth and took it out again.

"It—it takes money to board an' room a gal down there, son. I ain't got it. You know I ain't!"

"I ain't telling you what you can do, Ben. I'm telling you what I can do."

Sweat broke out on the old man's leathery forehead. He laid a tremulous hand on Steve's shoulder. "That's mighty nice o' you, Steve. But—I can't let you do nothin' like that. I couldn't pay you back in a long time. Mebbe never. Nope; I—"

"Ben—you don't get me. Once mebbe in five-six years I get sorta human and do a good deed. You just happen to draw the lucky number this time. See?"

WALKER'S big pipe clattered to the floor. "No, Steve—you ain't got money to—to—"

"Listen, neighbor." Steve got to his feet and laid a massive palm on Walker's shoulder. "When I blew into this burg—well, somebody was pretty decent to me. You needn't think I've forgot. And you needn't think I'm gonna pass up this chance to— Heck, I gotta get along. You talk it over with the kid." . . .

Laura May's recovery was practically instantaneous. The next day she was back in school. And from school she gravitated to the garage as fast as her thin shaky legs could carry her.

Steve was up to his ears in the Ford. Minute particles of it strewed the premises like the atoms of a huge diabolical puzzle.

Laura May charged straight up to the nucleus.

"When do we start, Steve? When do we start? Tell me!"

Steve, disputing heatedly with the starter, didn't bother to reply.

"You going to let me drive, Steve? Honest, I can drive a Model T like nobody's business. You try me and see. I can do lots of things. Gee, gosh, I'm simply thrilled, Steve! I'm—"

Steve groaned. He swore softly. Laura May began maneuvering for a more advantageous position.

"Oh, Steve—what clothes had I ought to take? My bathing suit—I'll want to take that, won't I? It's red. Do they wear red bathing suits in Florida? Do they wear any bathing suits? Or do you have to join the nudists? I wouldn't mind if—*ow—ug!*"

Laura May had tripped over a predatory radius rod and sprawled headlong, upsetting a basin of gasoline. The gasoline was rather foul, for Steve had washed roller bearings in it. It leaped gayly from the basin and whisked under the Ford.

Steve came up gasping. He spewed out some gasoline and a number of words. He gave Laura May a look that brought out the goose flesh all over her.

"I'm—I'm sorry, St-teve!" she gasped.

Steve blew his nose and spat out some more gasoline. Then he spoke quietly—much too quietly to suit Laura May.

"Listen, kid," he said. "You're a nice kid sometimes. Lotsa times you're almost female. But right now you ain't so hot. Listen. You don't need to get so steamed up about this trip to Florida. It ain't candy—it's medicine. Get me? You'll have a nice little room and there'll be a place where you can go and watch the old fogies play shuffleboard. You'll probably get fed up on the whole works in less'n two weeks and wish you were back here having the flu!"

Laura May was very white. She said, "Won't—won't I see you just—just once in a while?"

Steve resumed his argument with the starter. He said, "Oh, sure. We'll play cat's cradle and bean porridge and so on. We'll have a rip-roaring time, kid."

A pail of used oil sat beside the Ford. Laura May eyed it with evil intent. She drew back and kicked it with unerring aim, and ran out of the garage. . . .

The hills were a riot of color and crisp golden leaves swirled into the garage on the day that Steve put his official O. K. on the redoubtable Ford. It bore the distinction, now, of being Elmville's most unique conveyance. It was a house-car.

A house-car was a novelty in Elmville. People came in to look at it. It wasn't so much to look at, being built on the general lines of a silo. Laura May had been assigned the sacred task of daubing it a hellish crimson, and she hoped to die if it wasn't going to be the beautifulest thing on the road.

BUT, as Steve uneasily pointed out, there was one thing that had got to be hopped up somehow. That was the little matter of town talk.

"We gotta give 'em tripe to chew on," he said grimly, "or they'll make mincemeat of you and me both. Think fast, kid, how we're gonna lubricate this business!"

Laura May waved a paintbrush. "My aunt!" she cried.

Steve got up from a final inspection of rim lugs. He gave Laura May one of his looks.

"Say, listen. If you think I'm gonna furnish transportation and good manners for some all-fired aunt—"

"Heavens, no!" Laura May gagged. "We'd have to be angels— But I mean like this, Steve. I'll tell folks I'm going to spend the winter with her. That'll go over big!"

Steve considered. "Where's this aunt of yours hang out?"

"Binghamton. Why?"

"Listen, kid. You write her P. D. Q. Let her in on the works. Then you march downtown with all your flags flying, and hop a bus for Bing'm. I'll pick you up later."

Everything worked out smoothly, and some two weeks later they were triumphantly teetering southward out of Binghamton.

Laura May drove all the way to Florida. The trip took nearly a week and was gloriously exciting. They ate hot dogs and drank pop, and had camp fires and roasted marshmallows, and visited monuments and battlefields and museums and explored caves.

Finally they glided across long desolate savannas, and through dim avenues where gray webby moss trailed from arching boughs, and past castlelike dwellings and colorful gardens. The air was warm and sweet.

Steve said, "See the palms, kid!" His voice was husky. Color touched his lean cheeks. "We're there—we're in Florida, kid!"

Laura May said nothing. Her lips were tight and she drove slowly.

They cruised along all day in the hot sunshine. Palms and flowers and orange groves and golf courses slipped by like the scenes of a newsreel. Then they passed a sign that said ORLANDO, and Steve told Laura May where to park, and he disappeared down a side street.

"There," Laura May said aloud. "He's gone to find Lucille!" She leaned over the steering wheel and pushed against the windshield with a trembling finger. "He's gone to find that Lucille."

Steve came back before a great while, frightfully disgruntled. He yanked open the car door and stuck his head and shoulders inside. "They've gone," he said angrily. "To Miami."

Laura May bit her lip sternly. "Who's gone?"

"You know darn' well who's gone. The Hamptons. Lucille and her mother. Left last week." He scowled at her.

"We'll hop down to West Palm. It's the deuce of a lot nicer there, anyway. Warmer. You can go in the ocean every day." He began to grin. "'S great there, kid. You'll be nuts about it. And talk about fishing! Like to fish, kid?"

"I should think you'd go to Miami," said Laura May.

"No. Oh, no. It goes this way, kid: the Hamptons are coming to Palm in about three weeks; be there the rest of the winter. Me for Palm Beach, kid!"

THEY clattered into Palm Beach country late the next day.

Laura May decided all at once that they'd rent a cabin at one of the tourist camps. She'd do the cooking, and they'd have their meals decently together in the cabin, and Steve could sleep in the house-car.

Nothing Steve could say did any good. Laura May threatened to scream, to crack up the car, to end her life right there on the Dixie Highway. She wrapped herself around the steering wheel and wailed, and bit Steve when he tried to dislodge her. So Steve rented a cabin at a tourist camp.

"We'll try out the fool stunt for a coupla days," he said.

The camp was ten minutes' drive from the city and the sea. Young coconut palms arched huge rustling fronds over the doorway of their cabin, and there was laughter and the strumming of guitars and the exciting jingle of kitchenware. Heaven, Laura May declared.

Steve betrayed no inclination to abandon the experiment after a "coupla" days. A fortnight flashed by like a swift intoxicating dream.

They romped through jungles. They rode tempestuous breakers. They preyed upon crabs, turtles, sand fleas, and periwinkles. They roamed the savannas and were singed to the hips with the hell-fire of red bugs. Sunburn devoured what the bugs didn't. They fished, and drank beer, and went to shows and carnivals and night clubs and prize fights.

Laura May got tired and sore and half delirious. She gorged herself at mealtimes, and went to sleep in the sun, and took on pounds. She grew up, became sure of herself, and a little giddy. She had her hair trimmed and set in a swirl of saucy ringlets, and she bought the reddest lipstick she could find and made her mouth like a flaming hibiscus.

Steve discovered her one day at the beach.

They'd been splashing around with the mob in the roped-off area of surf, and came out panting and excited and raced up the sand and flung themselves down in a heap.

Laura May pulled off her red rubber cap and shook out her curls, and leaned back on her long arms with her slim dripping legs crossed in front of her. Her body had taken on an elfinlike symmetry. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes shining, and her trim young bosom strained with her quick breathing against the tight red suit.

Steve suddenly gripped her arm. "Gosh!" he ejaculated.

She jumped as though he'd shot a gun at her. Her cheeks crimsoned.

"Sa-ay! Mebbe you ain't picking up, kid!" He felt her arm up and down, squeezing it hard. "Filling out, getting round. You look like another—why, you're getting pretty! Golly, kid—you're gonna be a knockout!"

The blush spread across her forehead and crept gayly over her throat and shoulders. She held her breath and watched a ship crawling on the horizon, penciling the sky with a thin plume of smoke.

"Gee—wish your dad could see you now!" Steve said. He lay down beside her and locked his fingers over his ribs and squinted up at the clouds.

Laura May half turned and timidly touched his forehead. Her fingers were soft and cool. She ran them tinglingly into his thick hair. Steve closed his eyes. When he opened them, Laura May was bending over him looking down into his face. Her eyes were indescribably soft and eager and her cheeks were hot. She turned her face away quickly.

Steve studied her, his wide chest rising and falling a little faster.

"Say—you like me a lot, don't you, kid?" he said.

She gave him a quick glance that was like a flower opening suddenly in the wind. Her hand trembled on his head and she took it away and pushed it into the sand, watching the stuff slide over her fingers, lips parted, cheeks blazing.

Steve sat up abruptly and looked out to sea. The lines of his face had hardened.

"I guess that ship's a freighter," he said. "It moves pretty darn slow." . . .

That night a dazzling young moon spilled its substance over the palms and cabins and sand. Crickets chanted from the black shadows and from somewhere a ukulele tinkled softly, wistfully.

It was midnight, and Laura May had gone to bed. Steve sat propped in the doorway of the house-car. His toe drummed incessantly on the step of the car.

It seemed to him he'd been there for hours; but there was nothing else that he could do.

There was a glimmer of white beside the car. Laura May stood there in her nightdress, with a sweater thrown about her shoulders. She said hesitantly, "My—I've got a—headache, Steve. You've got some aspirin, haven't you?"

Steve jumped up and commenced rummaging in the car. Laura May climbed up and sat down in the doorway, leaning her head back. Her sweater fell away from her shoulders.

Steve found the aspirin and turned to the door. He stopped, staring. Something pounded the breath out of him. The girl was like a figure carved from milk-white moonstone.

STEVE moved slowly across to her and held out the aspirin. She reached up and took the box, and let it slide from her grasp, and her fingers clung softly to his palm. His nostrils dilated a little. He took hold of the girl's fingers, and she sat up suddenly very straight, gasping. It was like a steel trap on her hand.

Then abruptly the man's face was like chiseled granite, and quite as gray. He let go her fingers and touched her shoulder awkwardly.

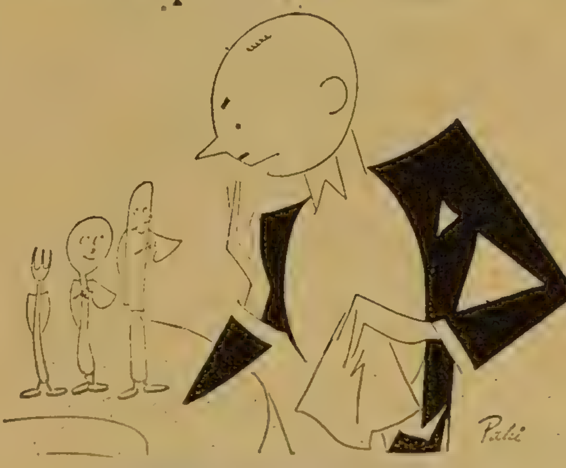
"Good night, kid—hope the aspirin fixes you O. K." His voice was steady—and authoritative.

Laura May caught her breath sharply and slipped from the doorway, dragging her sweater over one shoulder. She moved slowly across the white sand to the cabin, head down, her tangled curls cupping about her face, hiding it. Steve watched her till she disappeared inside the cabin.

The ukulele stopped playing. . . .

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By Della T. Lutes



ORDERLY PROCEDURE

Take your silver the way you find it,
Piece by piece as they lie in state—
Oyster fork, soup spoon, knife—don't
mind it
If others are found at the left of the
plate.
And remember: Once they're off
the cloth, no going back!

The next day at lunch Steve said, "I won't be back for supper, kid. See, Lucille and her mother blew in today. They'll want me to stay the evening—you know how it is, kid." He flipped a half dollar on to the table as he got up. "Hop in to town and see a show, Laura."

When Steve loped into the cabin the following morning for breakfast, the half dollar still lay on the table. And under it was a piece of paper. Steve snatched up the note and read:

Dear Steve:

I am going back to Orlando and get a room. I don't like it here very well. I will get a job if I can, maybe in the five-and-ten. If you will send me a little money at first, I will pay you back when I can. LAURA M. W.

PS. The butter and bacon are under the back steps. You have to keep them there or they will spoil.

For a time Steve was very eloquent, tramping up and down the diminutive room. At last he lit the oil stove and put coffee on. Gulping it black, he simmered down to normal.

"Mebbe she did the sporting thing," he muttered. "If Lucille'd found out about things here—"

LUCILLE was lovelier than ever. They had swell visits, and went places, and were very gay.

A good many days went on like that. Then Steve dragged up a weighty topic, as men will. It was the night he took Lucille to the Lake Worth Casino. They went in Lucille's car, and Steve drove. Lucille's car wasn't a Model T. It was a straight eight right out of the showroom. "It's really mother's car," Lucille said.

They danced until quite late, then drifted out and got into the car. It was parked where they could see the ocean through a triangle of palms; and the moon, old and lopsided now, was struggling up, dripping gold and pearls on to the water.

"Great, isn't it?" said Steve, who hadn't listened to Laura May's English for nothing.

"I told you it would be," Lucille said. "Saxon was leader of the Royal Palm orchestra in Miami—"

Steve grinned. "I meant this." He jabbed his arm toward the ocean.

"Oh!" She laughed. "Why—of course. There's a moon, isn't there?"

He put his arm about her shoulders. He could feel the strength and ripeness of her. It was the difference between a woman and a young girl, and it brought the blood pounding to his temples. She laid her head lightly against his shoulder. Her hair was soft and fine and delicately fragrant.

Steve looked straight through the windshield at the sea, knowing he was but a breath removed from something unthinkable.

He stammered, "Well, honey—when—uh—uh—let's get married!"

"There won't be orange blossoms for months yet, Steve!" Lucille laughed a little as she spoke, an obbligato of silver bells.

"We'll use mistletoe," said Steve.

Lucille was silent.

"Why aren't we all set, Lucille? We'll ram all over Florida till spring, then pike for home. I've got a decent shack and a good business. I told you I'd make good. Remember? That was five years ago. And you promised—"

"I know, dear." Lucille lifted her head from his shoulder. "Steve, I'm afraid it's going to be hard to—to win mother over. She doesn't want to go North. Mother is old, and she's always been so wonderful to me. Steve, I—I don't know what to do!"

There was a little silence. The music went on in the Casino.

"Do you love me?" Steve asked.

"Why—of course! You know I do, Steve!"

"All right," said Steve. "That's what I've counted on for five years." He looked at her in the half light. "Lucille—you're so—beautiful—"

He seemed to strangle, and his free hand pressed hard against her face and slid down to her shoulder.

"Oh — St-eve dear — you — you're hurting me!"

Steve started up the car and drove away from the dancing broken moonlight on the sea.

When they got back to the bungalow the Hamptons had engaged for the season, and Steve had run the car into the garage, they wandered out to a bench among the oleanders; but they didn't sit down. "We ought to go in," Lucille said. "Mother—"

Steve put his hands on her shoulders and turned her, facing him. Light from the house spattered through the branches on them. Steve said:

"Five years is a long time, Lucille. A man gets— Listen, Lucille. You've had things to keep you contented: people and your club and church and your mother. I haven't had anything; only your promise—"

"But, Steve dear, I told you how mother feels."

"Sure, I know. But I don't think it's all your mother. You don't want to go North, do you?"

She flared a little. "I don't know that I'm crazy about it. I don't know that I want to bury myself in that ridiculous little country town. No! What is there in a place like that for any one?"

Steve was silent for a long time.

"You can see how it is, Steve. All our contacts are here—our friends, mother's and mine. And our home in Orlando. Can't you see?"

"All right," said Steve. "Now I'm going on what you said. You said you loved me. So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go back up there and sell out. I mean, if I can. Mebbe I can't give the place away, the way times are now. But I guess somebody'll take over the shop. I got a good trade worked up. See? Then I'll come down here and make a new start. Now, how's that strike you?"

She studied his face in the checkered light.

"You don't really want to do that, Steve," she said.

"If I do it, will you marry me—then?"

The moments dropped away.

"Yes, Steve," Lucille said at last.

He drew her into his arms.

"Lucille!"—a querulous voice from the house—"*Lucille!* Aren't you coming in?"

"Yes, mother."

"Kiss me."

"Let's—let's go in, Steve."

"No. I'll trot back to camp. I got to think things out."

He came back to her after he'd gone a few paces.

"Listen, Lucille. I don't know just when I'll go North. Mebbe soon. Mebbe—I'll write to you. And if anything should happen I don't sell out up there—" He shrugged a little.

"Steve! What—what do you mean?"

"Nothing. I'm—just telling you. Good night, Lucille."

He walked away through the oleanders.

When he got to the camp he let himself into the cabin and turned on the light and flung himself down by the table.

He stared straight ahead at the wall, his hands clenched on the table.

After a long time his eyes fell to Laura May's note on the table. He'd left it there, with the half dollar, all this time. He picked it up and peered at it.

He wasn't seeing the note; he was seeing Laura writing it. Seeing the pencil clutched in her slim white fingers—the fingers that had felt so cool and soft on his head that day at the beach. She'd been crying, probably—her pale freckled cheeks all wet and hurt.

Then he was in his tumbledown little shop in Elmville, with the hills crowding in around like the pleasant weather-beaten walls of a familiar old house. And there were the faces of the folks who were somehow a part of the goodness of everything. And Laura May was ambling in, with her clowning, honesty, and devotion.

And then he was living over the three weeks before Lucille came to Palm Beach. The fun and gayety and forgetfulness of it. The sweet careless hours by the sea. The cozy meals here in the cabin. The gladness and security of something intimate, something he hadn't understood.

But he understood it now. Suddenly, overwhelmingly. It twisted his face and burned in his throat and eyes.

"Poor kid! Poor kid! God, I didn't realize—she's the sweetest kid—the sweetest darn kid in the world! Tomorrow I'll—"

The door of the cabin pushed open. Steve jerked up, glaring. The door swung clear back, and Laura May stumbled in and pulled the door to behind her. She let go of her suitcase and it hit the floor with a soft thwack and tipped on its side. She stood blinking at Steve in the bright light, her shabby little hat cocked bravely over one eye.

"I—I came back," she said faintly. Her eyelids fluttered. "I—I couldn't stand it where I couldn't—couldn't see—" She caught her lip tightly and looked down at the floor, fumbling foolishly with her belt.

Steve crossed the room in three strides. He gripped the girl's arms.

She stared up at him, her eyes wide.

"Laura kid—don't leave me—don't go away again! Don't do it, kid."

He put his arm around her and pushed off her hat and ran his hand tenderly over her tangled brown hair.

She twisted her head and scowled up into his face.

"Where'zz Lucille?" she demanded sternly of him.

"Washed up," said Steve. He bent swiftly and laid a kiss in the astonished red circle of her lips. Her arms locked around him desperately tight.

Steve jerked up his head.

"You like Elmville, Laura?"

Laura May gulped, nodded.

Steve's arms were very gentle about her.

"You and me both, kid," he said.

THE END

PAUL LOOMIS

began writing at six, never attended school, and also, he says, never has any money. No more has he brothers, sisters, wife, or dog. He's painted houses, taught music, raised peanuts, and sold hot dogs in addition to his literary work.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How is the word *femme* pronounced?

2—Usufruct means what?

3—Is New Year's Day celebrated as a holiday by all the states?

4—Who was the first woman in Canada *officially* permitted to practice medicine?

5—Where is the lake still known by its original Indian name of Chaugoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaug?

6—An etiquette is what?

7—What is the difference between a disciple and an apostle?

8—When did the first Canadian troops leave Canada for the World War?

9—How big an ingot would one ton of "1,000 fine" gold make?

10—What is tree cloth?

11—What are the young of a dog and of other carnivores called?

12—What is the principal grain-dealing exchange in North America?

13—How many national parks are there in Canada?

14—What state has no street cars?

15—Mogigraphia is what?

16—Who wrote "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"?

17—Who invented the process for extracting kerosene from shale and cannel coal?

18—How are vacancies on the United States Supreme Court bench filled?

19—Who said "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house"?

20—What is pinchbeck?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

One New Year's Resolution

and the Only One for

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHAT a relief! My New Year's resolution is signed, sealed, and delivered—to myself. Did you notice I said resolution, not resolutions? So for once my memory won't be taxed. Here it is—for 1935 I've made this one and only resolution: *To have a good time!*

On the surface this sounds frivolous and selfish. And also as if I'd never had a good time. Lest I be misunderstood, maybe I'd better do a little explaining. A good time, to me, means a well rounded life. The person with nothing but work in his life is almost but not quite as bad as his opposite who lives only for play. I like to ride horseback, play tennis, and dance, for example; and I intend to enjoy them to the full, but without letting them dominate my life, in 1935.

I've always had a horror of getting into a rut, but I know that won't be possible, because I'm sure that the next year is going to offer so many deeply thrilling events. For instance, I know a little about some of the developments in aviation. Aviation is such a new industry that momentous changes take place from month to month and new equipment becomes obsolete in a surprisingly short time. Won't all of us be tremendously interested to hear of and watch this progress? Then there's the whole experiment in the field of subsistence homesteads. The government is trying to give better lives to varying groups of people in economically hopeless communities. In 1935 many families will find themselves in new homes, starting new lives. How will they adjust themselves? How will the industries coördinated with the subsistence homesteads work out? During the New Year will there be a growth in the new youth movement which has definitely started in different parts of this country?

The government now is assisting a hundred thousand young men and women to work their way through college, and three hundred and fifty thousand young men are leading wholesome lives working in the Civilian Conservation Corps camps. But these do not by any means solve the problems of young people. They themselves are developing a consciousness that their help and intelligent coöperation are needed in working out their own destinies. Will the voice of youth make itself heard as a prime influence in our country during the coming year?

In the vast field of medicine, what revolutionizing new discoveries will be announced? Perhaps a new serum which will banish forever the devastation of some disease enemy of the human race.

Keeping abreast of the times is, to me, one of the ways of achieving a satisfactory life, and part of my resolution for 1935 is the determination to know at least some of he discoveries and progress which the leaders of our ocial, political, and scientific life are making possible.

And then there's another way of keeping out of a rut! And that's being sure that the circle of friends and acquaintances one has is not composed of one or two types of people. For instance, the lawyer who has only lawyers for associates in his social life seems to me to mar his point of view. We women find it easy to limit ourselves to friends, and good friends, who, like ourselves, must meet the important problems concerning our children's schools, clothes, and sniffles. But if we confine ourselves exclusively to conversation about these daily personal experiences, we suddenly find the world passing us by. And it's much harder to catch up than to keep up!

The routine of our own daily lives takes up so much time that the line of least resistance is to limit our personal contacts to an established group of acquaintances. If we realize that we're falling into this little rut, we should acquire an alertness and really make an effort to prevent this apathy from becoming chronic. For example, I've had this experience living in a large apartment house in New York City. For months on end I had had an elevator bowing acquaintance with a lady who lived a floor above me. I had wanted to speak with her because she looked animated and alive. Somehow I could never quite make the grade.

One day a package for her was misdelivered at my door. I took it up to her apartment and she opened the door. Well, we began to talk. She turned out to be a writer, with particular interests in the field of modern painting. I found myself going to exhibitions with her and discovering a totally new horizon. Furthermore, through this new-found friend I met other people whom I am sure I would never have met otherwise. While some of these people had points of view absolutely opposed to mine, I found them keenly stimulating.

We always hear that it's a short-lived policy for the great man to be surrounded by a group of professional yessers, and I think it's relatively applicable to us in our own everyday lives! So through 1935 I'm going to make whatever alert qualities I have toe the mark in keeping me supplied with fresh and new contacts.

Of course, in order to live up to this resolution I must, during the next year, maintain sensible health standards—watch my sleep, consume my daily quota of vitamins, and not neglect the sunshine and out-of-doors.

My New Year's resolution sounds quite simple at the start, but I'm sure you'll agree with me that it's something to shoot at!

Whatever your own New Year's resolutions may or may not be, I, personally, hope that your fondest wishes come true to bring you a happy 1935!

THE END

Stars of Tomorrow

What Will They Be Like? Here's a Look at Ten Whom Hollywood Offers as Candidates for Fame in a New, Changed World of Pictures

by CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE era of sophistication is over. When the depression wiped out most of our material possessions, it also made a clean sweep of our hectic standards of living and our false ideals of feminine allure.

Hollywood, which serves as a barometer for public taste in stars, has sensed the new trend. Hollywood was quick to realize that the pendulum had swung away from artificiality and sophistication toward honesty and sincerity, away from sex appeal and glamour toward sweetness and natural charm.

The exotic hothouse siren has been replaced by the vigorous healthy outdoor girl. The heavily made up flapper of the postwar period who strutted her sex appeal has given way to the simple and wholesome beauty of today who, like her mother and grandmother, is content to wait for the male to make the first approach.

Bad manners, fast habits, extravagant living, loose morals have no place in the lives of this new generation of screen girls.

Brazen rudeness to elders is no longer tolerated.

Promiscuous petting and free love are strictly taboo. Hip flasks are a relic of the dead past. Orchids and ermine are neither demanded nor desired. And chastity is once more a popular virtue.

Because of the change in public sentiment and taste, every studio in Hollywood started out on a search for girls who would meet the new ideal. Studio scouts operated all over the world on the lookout for girls with the old-fashioned virtues and charms. How well they have succeeded is proved by the popularity of these new youngsters who are being groomed for stardom.

Let's take a look at the stars of tomorrow. You have already seen them in important rôles on the screen. It is your approval that has placed them in line for stardom. For it is the public, and only the public, which can make a star.

These newcomers do not conform to any set type. Among them are blondes, brunettes, and redheads. Some are tall, some short. Some plump, some thin. Some are backed with theatrical ancestry and training, some got their start in pictures. Yet all made the grade to screen contracts because they had dramatic ability plus the buoyancy and freshness of youth. They all had the appeal of innocence untarnished by sophistication.

Their salaries are small and they live on rigid budgets that do not allow for extravagance of any sort. No lavish Spanish mansions, no foreign cars, no marble swimming pools. Almost all of them live in simple bungalows, chaperoned by a mother or some older woman.

Many of them make their own clothes because their budgets exclude the luxury of high-priced ones. They use less make-up off the screen than the average society girl.

They are unsophisticated, clean-cut, true-blue American girls of the sort you would like your sons to marry.

Mary Carlisle, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and fair-skinned, looks like the embodiment of a college boy's dream—all soft and sweet and clinging. Yet her Irish background gives her a fighting spirit that makes her go after what she wants and hold on till she gets it.

Katherine De Mille is a sparkling-eyed brunette, eager and vital and robust. With the glorious independence of modern youth, Katherine has carved her own path in the realm of motion pictures, without the help or the influence of her famous father, Cecil B. De Mille.

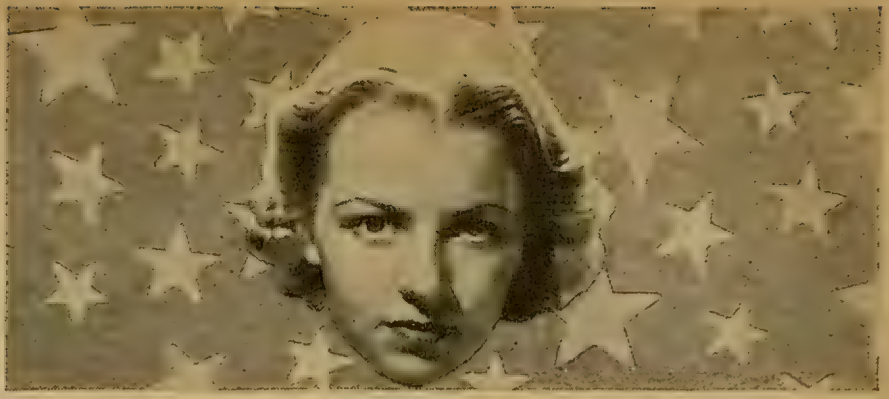
Elizabeth Allen came from a seaside village in England. With great green eyes and clear white skin, she has the wildflower beauty and gentility often found in English women. A small part in a Leslie Howard picture made in England opened the doors of Hollywood for her.

Jean Parker, slim, brown-haired, with hazel eyes as dewy as the dawn, not only offers youth and beauty but grips the emotions of her audience. No one who saw Little Women will ever forget her as Beth. She was taken straight off a float in an Olympic Games parade to be tested for pictures. Result, a long-term contract.

Ruby Keeler, blue-eyed and brown-haired, is typically Irish. Although married (to Al Jolson), she has a remarkably naïve girlish quality. She has been on the stage since she was thirteen. Dancing and horseback riding have kept her down to a slim hundred pounds. Her first picture placed her in a direct line for stardom.

Helen Mack, who hails from the Middle West, began at seven. Vaudeville and silent pictures were the steppingstones to a Hollywood contract. With dark-brown hair, luminous brown eyes, and full lips that curve upward at the corners, she suggests the sweet girl graduate. Yet her vitality and force enable her to play strong parts.

Drue Leyton, a luscious blonde with strange mysterious eyes that are alternately brown and green, had a lucky break. She understudied a New York star who was taken ill, and played the part so well that she was offered a picture contract. Raised in Mexico, where her father was a mining engineer, she had finished her education in Switzerland and France and come to New York.



Betty Furness, straight from an exclusive New York finishing school and a Park Avenue home, has the easy poise that family and breeding give. Taught that the stage was no place for a lady, she nevertheless determined to be an actress. A small part in a commercial film gave her the chance to be seen by a picture executive who recognized in her the quality the public was demanding. The chances are that she will go to the top.

Jean Muir, for a youngster, has a most amazing confidence in herself. She believes she has the divine spark that will bring her to stardom. Inheriting the tenaciousness of her Scotch ancestors, already she insists on picking her own directors and leading men, and refuses parts she believes unsuitable. She is taller than the average screen actress, with blonde hair and gray-green eyes. She came to the screen via the New York stage.

Rochelle Hudson of Claremore, Oklahoma (Will Rogers's home town), persuaded her family to move to Hollywood. She had the usual discouragements of an inexperienced girl making the rounds of the studios. But she stuck to her purpose, preparing herself by dramatic and diction lessons, by studying dancing, piano, and singing. She finally persuaded an executive to give her a trial contract " with options." She has been in pictures ever since. Honest eyes blue as the California sky, with radiant vitality, are helping her climb rapidly.

ALL of these girls, and many more youngsters now being used in the films, are typical of the new ideals of feminine beauty and charm. When the time comes for them to be starred, new kinds of stories will have to be written for them.

Plots of artificial sophistication, of spicy sex and lurid passions, will automatically vanish, because these forthright, clean-minded stars will demand stories that extol the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, goodness, and spiritual strength.

THE END

Vox

SUBJECTS FOR PLUCKING

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, The Poison of Pacifism May Destroy Our Nation, in November 24 Liberty, was an intelligent, unprejudiced, and youthful announcement concerning the policies of certain Republicans and Democrats who have been in power. They shamelessly cloaked themselves in complacency and bigotry to avoid disclosing their vanity and greed. They told us this is civilization, but I doubt it.—*David E. Berggren.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Every one who has any love for the United States ought to read and ponder over The Poison of Pacifism May Destroy Our Nation. I have traveled in Europe and am quite familiar with the European viewpoint concerning the United States. It is the popular idea there that all Americans are millionaires and fit subjects for merciless plucking. We must prepare ourselves against such greed.—*Charles Brockway Gibson.*

MAYSFIELD, TEX.—I commend The Poison of Pacifism May Destroy Our Nation. I know of no better way to bring our pacifist brethren to their downfall than through what Bernarr Macfadden has written.—*G. H. Peets, Jr., First Lieutenant, Twenty-third Infantry Reserves.*

TACOMA, WASH.—I am a woman and I hate war. But if I were in control of our government I would build the biggest and best navy, air fleet, and army in the world. Preparedness is the surest step to peace.—*Mrs. Edna Mae Smith.*

CONCORDIA, KAN.—Military training should be compulsory in all schools. Conscientious objectors should be made to wear their hair long and be given no meat.—*J. B. Watts.*

[Many other letters came in on this subject, but lack of space prevented their publication.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PRO-LONG'D

BATON ROUGE, LA.—The recent short session of the Louisiana Legislature was very much pro-Long'd, you might say.—*J. P. Creaghan.*

WAITING IN VAIN FOR THEIR PRINCE CHARMINGS

BARRINGTON, ILL.—Anice H. Kirk in December 1 Vox Pop says women find it far more preferable to work than to sit around waiting in vain for their Prince Charmings. But most of them nowadays are sitting around in dingy dirty anterooms waiting in vain for work.—*E. R.*

EASY TO FLY

INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—In connection with Bernarr Macfadden's very timely editorial in November 10 Liberty, Neglect of Air Defense Spells National Suicide, permit me to urge:

1. That physical examinations for aviation students and aviators be given, as needed, free of charge by military doctors.
2. That slower speed, lighter and safer planes for training purposes be developed, with government financial aid.
3. That hangar space at airports be provided free.
4. That clubs be organized on the basis of 100 students each; and that the government provide army officers to organize and instruct such clubs.
5. That for club planes the government share with the local Aëro Club the cost and upkeep of the planes. Gasoline and oil to be provided at wholesale costs.

People have been given a wrong impression about aviation. They have been taught how difficult it is to fly instead of how easy it is to fly.—*Dr. C. W. Farmer, Optometrist.*

BEAUTIFUL HIJACKER

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I hereby register an objection to Love Catches Up with Lambie, by Wallace Irwin, in November 17 Liberty. It describes a man as looking like a "beautiful hijacker." If Liberty is going to advertise hijackers as beautiful I will be compelled to discontinue buying it.—*A. J. Robinson.*

SHOULD DOCTORS DECIDE ON LIFE OR DEATH?

EDMONTON, ALTA.—Shame on E. K. for suggesting in November 17 Vox Pop that that Oakland, California, doctor did wrong in performing a post-mortem Cæsarean operation to save the life of a baby after its mother had died at childbirth. Five out of every thousand children, I am told, lose their mothers at childbirth; yet does that mean there's no happiness for those children? Doesn't E. K. realize that the father might love the child as much as the mother could?

And consider, too, the ethics of the medical profession. What if doctors were allowed to choose between life and death for everybody that came under their care?—*Student.*

BUTLER, PA.—When you see mothers who neglect their children for club meetings and bridge parties you sometimes feel that it would have been better if their little ones had never been born. On the other hand, that baby the Oakland doctor saved may fall into the hands of some one who will give it a mother's love and rear it to become a good citizen. But we know nothing of the conditions confronting the doctor, and so how are we to say whether he was right or wrong?—*Mrs. A. L. E.*

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—A doctor must always exert himself to save human life, regardless of the future of the life involved. Children raised in adopted homes rarely fare badly.—*E. K. C. P.*

HAMILTON, ONT.—E. K. must be a cynic. The baby now has life, and what could be more wonderful than that? Just to feel life—to love, hate, and suffer—are enough. Life is so beautiful, so interesting, and so awful!—*Sandra Wallace.*

CLEARING UP BEVERLY'S SEX

CROWN POINT, IND.—Say, can't you do something about clearing up Beverly Hills's sex?—*Lewis B. Coe.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Please set me straight. Who and what is Beverly Hills?—*Patricia Johnson.*

POINTERS ON POISONS

DETROIT, MICH.—I note in Liberty for November 3 the Princess Kropotkin has been picking up pointers on poisons ancient and modern. I'd like to have a talk with her about them.

I was sitting quietly at home last night, meditating on the vagaries of married life, when a great peace and calm descended on me. At least that's what I thought it was.

When I came to, I found the wife had smashed a chair over my head, presumably for something I said in my sleep.

Please do not print my name with this letter. I hope that its being anonymous will set hundreds of thousands of wives, and mine too, pondering with remorse upon the tyranny of their way and its error. For I know that incidents like the above have their counterpart a thousand-, yes, a hundred thousandfold.

About the only solace I get is your great magazine, and even for that I have to wait until my wife has done with it.

It seems to me Liberty could do something for downtrodden husbands like myself by setting apart in Vox Pop a space for complaints from other victims of domineering wives.

However, in the meantime please send me the Princess Kropotkin's address in care of the box number which I have inclosed separately.—*Just a Husband.*

"AYE, AYE, SIR!"

VANCOUVER, B. C.—In Dangerous Woman, November 3 Liberty, Walton Green, the author, has the captain of the S.S. Sonomic glance into the binnacle and intone, "West by north halfnorth," and the helmsman answers, "Aye, aye, sir."

Steering of modern ships is done by degrees. Green should have had his captain order, "North 78 west," or, if steering by a gyrocompass, "Two eight two." The helmsman then repeats the course ordered. He never "Aye, ayes" a steering order.—*M. J. MacDonald.*

"OUT, DIRTY SPOT"

DETROIT, MICH.—It makes my heart ache to read the mean insulting letters printed in Vox Pop. I believe, as did the old colored preacher, in "uplifters," not "downshovers." Liberty is solid gold from cover to cover, except for that one dirty spot, Vox Pop.—*Herbert H. Hall.*

SPOOKS

STORRS, CONN.—Allan L. Benson's article, Did Edison Try to Talk with the Dead? in December 1 Liberty was extremely interesting, but it failed to state or clinch any facts.

I would like to know more about the appearance of the dead woman in Dr. Crookes's home. Was she recognized, or

Pop

a relative of any one present? Did she speak of her earthly or spiritual life? The apparition's pulse was counted, a procedure requiring substance. What substance? Was her wrist warm or cold?

Ten or fifteen years ago a newspaper interviewer quoted Edison as saying that we may be living in the midst of spiritual manifestations but that our senses are not attuned for their reception. The interviewer further stated that Edison had in mind, or had started to construct, a mechanism capable of making impulses, now unknown, that would be audible or visible to mortal man. What happened to this?—*John N. Fitts, Professor Emeritus, Connecticut State College.*

New York, N. Y. — Allan Benson's handling of a difficult subject was clever. We need more of this kind of reading to gradually open our minds to things really worth while.—*Wick Yonson.*

WE HOPE SO, TOO

Lexington, Ky.—Please forward my congratulations to Grace Perkins for her splendid story, Modern Lady. It was so powerfully human that I lived the characters and they will remain in my mind for a long time. Here's hoping she has another masterpiece up her sleeve.—*William H. Wright.*

Bridal Veil, Ore. — Give us more stories like Modern Lady.—*Stephen L. Sabo.*

Searcy, Ark.—Each of the eleven installments of Modern Lady was worth a nickel in itself. We got a fine novel for fifty-five cents—*James R. Nebhut.*

PRAYER

Galax, Va.—After reading Helen Christine Bennett's Heaven *Won't* Protect the Working Girl, in December 1 Liberty, I offered up a little prayer that Heaven will continue to protect us from such women as she. — *A Subscriber.*

THE LAST WORD ON SPANKING

Charlotte, N. C.—As a physician I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise at the silence of Vox Poppers relative to the spanking of girls by their fathers.

In November 17 Vox Pop a nineteen-year-old, Luella B. of St. Paul, Minnesota, wrote that her father strikes her thirty-five to seventy-five licks with a hairbrush or a razor strop. In the same issue, D. of Medford, Massachusetts, same age, tells of similar treatment and adds, " Lots of my girl friends get the same treatment."

We of the medical profession have an ugly word for such men. Conviction of them in North Carolina carries with it a sentence of ten to sixty years in prison, while in some other states even more severe sentences are imposed.

These girls evidently do not realize the seriousness of such behavior and its true purport. Surely there is some one in whom they can confide and who will take the proper steps to remedy such a disgraceful state of affairs. It is to be hoped that this will arouse enough public interest to put a stop to such atrocities.—*Dr. George C. Jones.*

[Others who have written Vox Pop regarding girls in their late teens being spanked by their fathers include: Mary, Washington, D. C.; Dot, Chicago, Ill.; Anna, Coraopolis, Pa.; John Aird, Sr., San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Lottie Cabell, Pedlar Mills, Va.; Disobedient Daughters, New York, N. Y.; Nellie, Downers Grove, Ill.; Ed Horowitz, Chicago, Ill.; William Plampin, San Antonio, Tex.; Edna, Victoria, B. C.; A Mother of Five, Memphis, Tenn.; J. Sitenhof, University of Dubuque, Dubuque, Ia.; Anne, Myrtle, Washington, D. C.; V. N. C., Bangor, Me.; Bert G., New York, N. Y.; Mary Starck Kerr, D. C., Compton, Calif.; Hurrah, Omaha, Neb.; and A Parent of Three Fine Children Who Never Had a Spanking, Los Angeles, Calif.—Vox Pop Editor.]

ALL REJECTIONS ARE HARD TO BEAR

Montreal, Que.—R. M. Hancock of Casper, Wyoming, who wrote in November 24 Vox Pop asking that rejection slips accompanying returned manuscripts be made a little more humane has my profound sympathy. I know just how squelching and disparaging a rejection slip can be.

It seems to say, Man, the insignificant mite, thinks too much of himself.—*G. K. Doherty.*

FILENE VS. HOOVER

Biloxi, Miss.—Edward A. Filene, in A Challenge to Mr. Hoover (November 24 Liberty), comes nearer to summing up what is wrong with this country than any one I have yet heard speak or write on the question.—*M. N. Lee.*

Billings, Mont.—Edward A. Filene, in writing A Challenge to Mr. Hoover, obviously had not read Mr. Hoover's A Challenge to Liberty. He said his suspicions were aroused by Mr. Hoover's statement that the American people face a primary issue of human liberty in being beset by government regimentation. Then he drops that point, leaving Liberty's readers to wonder what his suspicions are—if any.—*H. E. Hagen.*

Huntingdon, Pa.—I do not agree with Edward A. Filene's major premise, but I feel his criticism to be fair. To bring about a fundamental change in national policy takes time—several generations, probably. In the meantime, as in any transitory period, we would have anything but an orderly state of affairs. And in the end, just what liberty would mean to the individual is extremely dubious. — *Philip H. Jung, Consulting Chemical Engineer.*

HAR! HAR! FOR LOVE?

Portland, Ore.—John Castle Hunt's story, Dear Youth, in November 3 Liberty, was just a jumbled mass of words to me. Its depiction of our beach life deserves a big har! har!—*Lenore Hastings.*

Jersey City, N. J.—As an unexcelled portrayal of sacrifice, tenderness, loyalty, courage, and deep understanding love, together with a grand smooth style and a breath-taking climax, John Castle Hunt's For Love, in November 24 Liberty, was the finest bit of story writing I ever read.—*Melville E. Griffin.*

"HUMBUG"

St. Stephen, N. B.—The idea of granting space in Vox Pop so that youth can rush in where even angels fear to tread is worth-while and opportune. Whether all youth will be prepared to say with William C. Duer in October 27 Vox Pop, " To hell with conventions! " remains to be seen.

Conventions have the nasty habit of saying to us, " Thou shalt not," and this is anathema to postwar youth. Yet if the peoples before us have found a convention workable there really must be something to it. Perhaps we, the brigade of postwar youth, in our eager enthusiasm, our glorious abandon, our search for thrills denied us by such conventions, have been so keen upon smashing them that we have failed to recognize their intrinsic value. And in trying to send these traditional rulings to hell we now find ourselves on the way there — leaving conventions smiling implacably, if pityingly, where they were.

I, personally, cannot say, " To hell with conventions! " But I do say, " To hell with humbug, hypocrisy, insincerity, snobbery, with war, and with politicians as H. L. Mencken reveals them."—*Spirit of Youth.*

NUDIST COLONY
RAY McGILL

By RAY McGILL

" Gosh! Doesn't that give you goose flesh? "

THE *Amazing*

A Revelation of the Man Behind the Mightiest Voice on the Air

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART FOUR— CONCLUSION

NEW YORK'S reaction to Father Coughlin was one of childlike wonder, fatheaded amaze, intense admiration, Jovian indignation.

It was based on his attitude toward Jimmy Walker and Alfred Emanuel Smith, a couple of big-city boys who had grown up to command the attention of the world.

Jimmy was the mayor of the town, a witty, eloquent, scrappy, hard-working, hard-drinking, lovable sort of fellow. He was referred to as the late mayor and the night mayor of New York, on account of the hours he kept. He was a Catholic—but he seemed to take as many vacations from the Faith as he did from the city.

And then along came Father Coughlin out of the Michigan prairies to talk to the New York City firemen at their Communion breakfast in the Astor Hotel. He began to talk about Jimmy, and the brave fire laddies sat back and waited. They expected the reverend gentleman to knock Jimmy over the back fence.

The Rev. John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise had been gunning for Jimmy. But nobody had minded that. Somebody was always taking a pot shot at Jimmy Walker and never hitting anywhere near the mark. It was like shooting at a butterfly. But Father Coughlin, the firemen thought, couldn't miss.

What was their consternation, then, and their joy to hear the good man defend Jimmy from his enemies! Jimmy, coming in late to the breakfast, looked a bit shocked himself.

The attacks on the mayor, Father Coughlin said, indicated there was a Red campaign designed to tear down city, state, and national government.

Now that was the big laugh of the year. There wasn't one of those husky firemen listening who didn't know that the only red menace in Jimmy's life was the lipstick on a pair of lovely lips. Where had the priest been that he didn't know this? Those lips were as fair, and as well known, as those of Helen of Troy. They were luring Jimmy from his Faith, his wife, his political friends, his career.

Jimmy was a sinner, and Father Coughlin blessed him and damned his annoyers!

That was strange. But stranger still it was that Father Coughlin should turn on Al Smith and rend him.

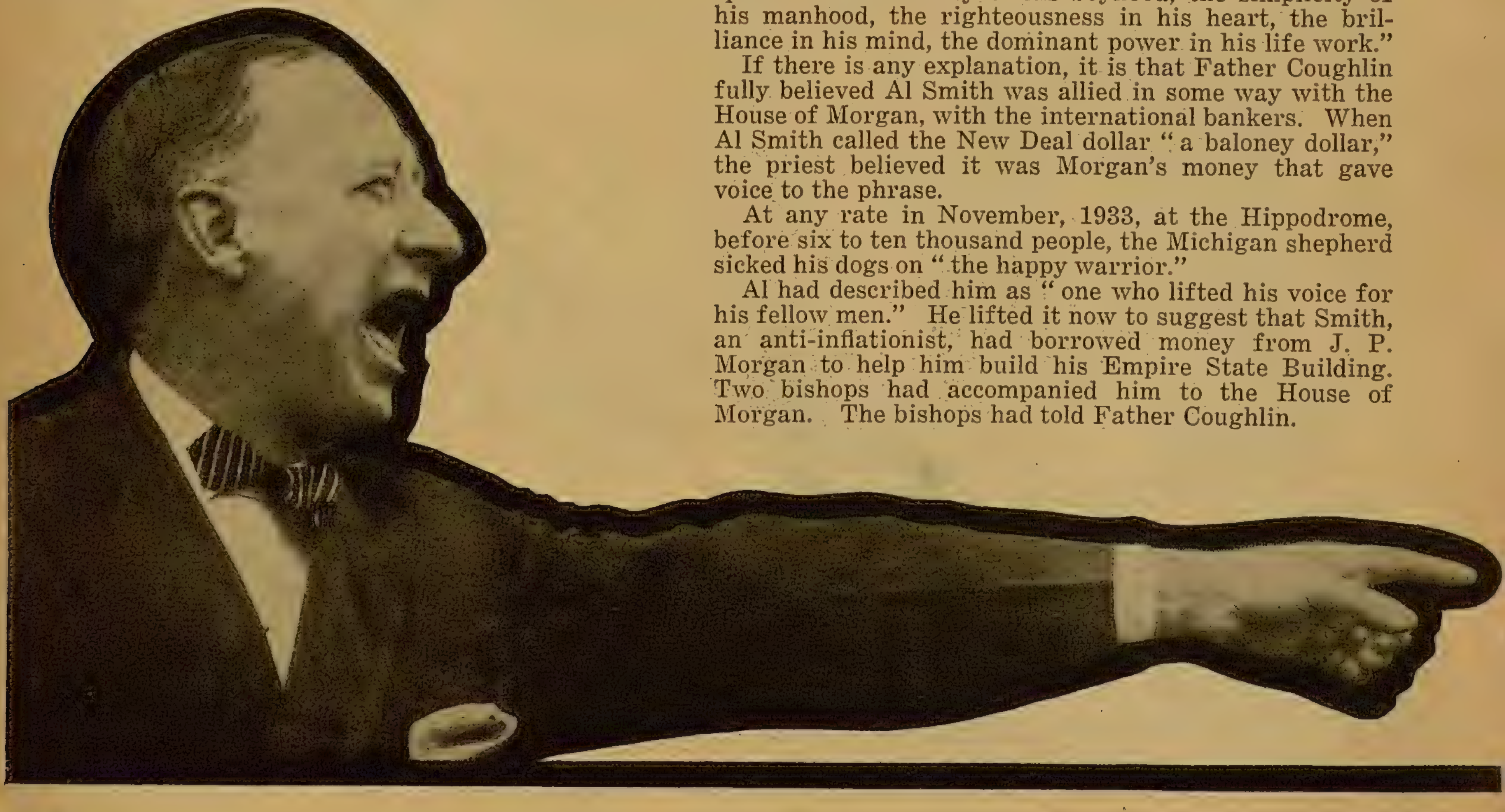
He blessed Jimmy Walker and gave Al Smith hell!

That was a riddle difficult to solve, for Al was the premier Catholic layman of the country. Popes and cardinals had honored him. Millions of Catholics looked up to him as the great leader. New York idolized him. And he had been Father Coughlin's friend. He had written a foreword to a book on the priest, in which he spoke of "the beauty of his boyhood, the simplicity of his manhood, the righteousness in his heart, the brilliance in his mind, the dominant power in his life work."

If there is any explanation, it is that Father Coughlin fully believed Al Smith was allied in some way with the House of Morgan, with the international bankers. When Al Smith called the New Deal dollar "a baloney dollar," the priest believed it was Morgan's money that gave voice to the phrase.

At any rate in November, 1933, at the Hippodrome, before six to ten thousand people, the Michigan shepherd sicked his dogs on "the happy warrior."

Al had described him as "one who lifted his voice for his fellow men." He lifted it now to suggest that Smith, an anti-inflationist, had borrowed money from J. P. Morgan to help him build his Empire State Building. Two bishops had accompanied him to the House of Morgan. The bishops had told Father Coughlin.



by EDWARD DOHERTY

Career of Father Coughlin

Father Coughlin has been called "the religious Walter Winchell." He has even referred to himself by that title, according to one of his biographers.

That also was a little difficult for New York to digest. If a priest wanted to pattern himself after a newspaperman, why did he pick a dealer in gossip?

Father Coughlin had no proof of his charges against Al Smith. What the bishops had told him would be called "hearsay" in any court. No judge would listen to it.

John J. Raskob, a Catholic, declared on his honor that all the financing on the Empire State Building had been completed before Smith was connected with the enterprise. Smith said the priest had stated what was "absolutely false." Catholic clergymen denounced their brother from Royal Oak. Monsignor Thomas G. Carroll called his speech "absolutely unwarranted." Monsignor John L. Belford said he believed the apostolic delegate would "step in and stop this wild ranting that is disgracing religion."

Monsignor Belford later sent Father Coughlin a telegram of apology, not because he had said what he didn't feel, but because he had said something uncharitable.

"That's number one," Father Coughlin said. "Next Raskob. Then Smith."

More than 600,000 letters came to the radio priest as a result of that broadcastigation. One out of every 6,000, he said, rebuked him for his attack on Smith. The rest supported him.

BUT there are more than 600,000 people in New York. There are something like 7,000,000. And the majority of them would still vote for Smith against any opposition, no matter what office he might run for.

In his Hippodrome speech Father Coughlin championed the Roosevelt policies. It was Roosevelt or ruin, he said. The Wall Street barons were going to run Ogden Mills in 1936. We must have Roosevelt again.

What was the city's astonishment, then, to find Father Coughlin attacking Roosevelt bitterly within a few months! He was now blaming Roosevelt for the effort "toward regimenting industry and agriculture" and the "seeming lack of effort to regiment finance."

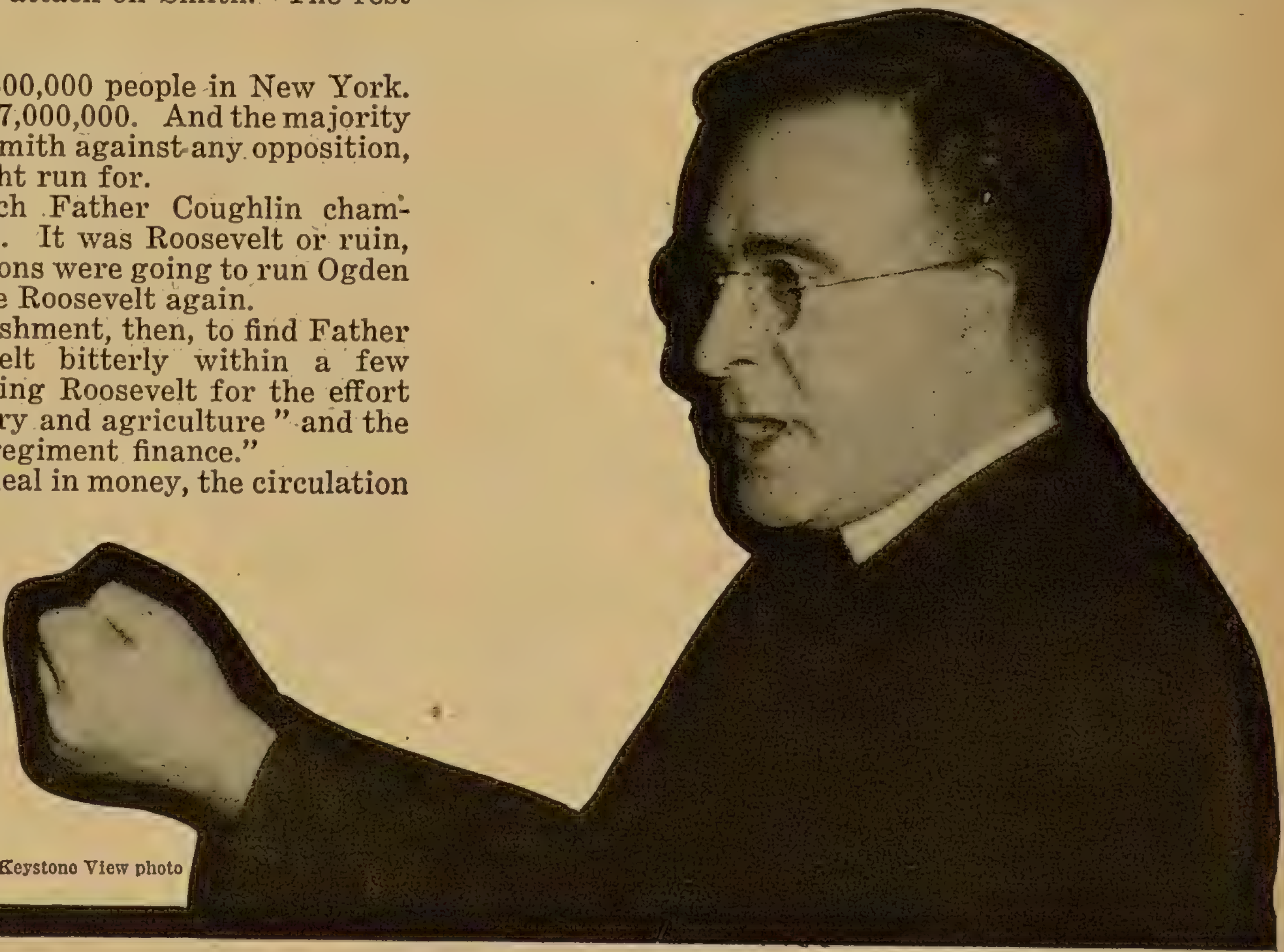
He was demanding a new deal in money, the circulation of currency, and the extension of credit to workingmen. The United States, he was crying, must become United States, Incorporated, and cease being Wall Street, Incorporated. Credit must be given the idle worker as well as the idle producer.

The god of gold must be destroyed. Silver must be remonetized, and would be, within a few months, despite the opposition of Wall Street. The NRA had misled Americans with its overoptimistic claims. It could not succeed without the revaluation of the dollar. The present dollar was "the flat tire that impedes prosperity."

In an address to the Convention of the National Farmers' Holiday Association at Des Moines, Iowa, Father Coughlin spoke against Rexford G. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

"We stultify ourselves as we destroy bread and meat," he said. "We burn wheat, plow under cotton, slaughter pigs, preferring to protect the man-made heresy that gold is wealth, and that God's benefactions may not be enjoyed and used unless the key of gold is employed. What is it—Tugwell or Christ?"

During the threatened auto strike in Detroit in March, 1934, he told the American Federation of Labor heads that their demands were "swashbuckling puerilities," and that they and the manufacturers must surrender to the United States government in the name of public



"Absolutely false!" said Al Smith (at left) after Father Coughlin suggested that Al had borrowed money from J. P. Morgan "to help him build his Empire State Building."

Keystone View photo

good. He predicted the government would act sanely and justly and settle the strike. It did.

In April he made another attack on Roosevelt policies, and urged the setting up of a national bank of the United States with branches in every major city. He was " stupefied with the asinine attempts of our Treasury to borrow us into prosperity."

In March, 1934, Father Coughlin was invited to appear before the banking subcommittee of the House, to give his views on banking. He declined, then changed his mind. He appeared on March 6, and declared that the government should have the sole control of credit. Banks, he said, were responsible for every American monetary crisis since the Civil War. He predicted that within five years there would be such prosperity as the world had never seen.

In April, though he said he had been invited to address the subcommittee again, he was not allowed to enter the committee rooms. The members explained it was an executive meeting. The priest made his talk outside.

" If Congress fails to remove the cancer of our financial bondage," he said on this occasion, " it will discover it is hotter than Hades in their own Congressional districts."

Addressing visitors to the Shrine—a crowd representin

Keystone View photo

Father Coughlin with Senators Thomas of Oklahoma and McCarran of Nevada during a recent discussion of currency legislation.

A few days later he attended the dinner of the " Committee of Patriots," headed by his friend Robert Harriss, member of Harriss & Vose and member of the New York Cotton Exchange. This came to be known in Washington as " the silver dinner."

Father Coughlin talked. He likened the Roosevelt administration to " something born of the principles of a Hitler, a Stalin, and a Mussolini."

The next day Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, sent an official memo to the Senate, suggesting an investigation of the speculative silver market to see if there was any connection between agitation for silver money and gambling in silver futures.

He presented a list of silver buyers, which included the firm of Harriss & Vose, and an A. Collins of Royal Oak, who turned out to be Miss Amy Collins, treasurer of the Radio League of the Little Flower, and one of Father Coughlin's secretaries.

Miss Collins, after refusing to see reporters, made a statement that was given to the papers. She said she had acted without Father Coughlin's knowledge. She had bought twenty contracts for the future purchase of half a million ounces of silver, making a down payment of $20,000 out of the surplus funds of the League. She did this in the belief that all prices would revert to the 1926 levels—according to the President's promise, as often reiterated by her superior in his sermons.

Father Coughlin also refused to see reporters for some time; but he got into print the assertions that he didn't own an ounce of silver in his own name or anybody else's, that he had nothing to do with the silver transaction, and that no profit had been made. He congratulated those who had invested in silver " because they manifested their faith in President Roosevelt."

" If Mr. Roosevelt fails to keep his word," he added, " and prefers to let his assistants bring about prosperity through the process of destruction . . . he will be doing just what Mr. Morgenthau advocated . . . when he applauded the efforts of the Department of Agriculture in creating higher prices through the agency of fire and sword."

HE declared that Morgenthau seemed to want to drive honest investors from the silver market, " and cast upon their shoulders the Dillinger cloak that belongs to those whom he is trying, at least inadvertently, to protect." Morgenthau should have investigated gold speculators too—and " the holders of approximately $20,000,000,000 worth of bloody Liberty bonds." This investigation " smelled to high heaven " in so far as it was " a dead herring smeared across the path of money reform."

Unfortunately he used the term " gentile silver." This, taken in connection with his attacks on the " god of gold " and the " European Warburgs, the Rothschilds, the Kuhn-Loebs," etc., caused many Jews to believe him anti-Semitic. There were remarks about " Jewish gold and gentile silver " in newspapers, English and Yiddish.

Despite the fact that Father Coughlin attacked the New Deal, and despite the fact that President Roosevelt rejected a petition to send him to the Economic Conference in London, the President still gives the priest entrée to the White House.

When Father Coughlin arrived in New York early in last October, he told newspapermen he had seen the President and discussed with him the plight of college and high-school graduates who are thrust into a world where there are no jobs.

He had suggested that blocks of federal jobs be allotted to the presidents of colleges and the principals of high schools, to take care of the better students. This, he

Acme photo

"nearly every state and many provinces of Canada."

thought, would be better than allotting the jobs as "soup bones to politicians." He said the President was interested in the idea and was studying its possibilities.

This was a few weeks before he began his ninth year of broadcasting—the 1934-35 season.

He began October 28, talking over twenty-nine radio outlets, by saying he was in favor of the New Deal, "so long as it is interpreted by the principles of Jesus Christ."

There have been many changes in this country since he first began to speak out.

Child labor has been abolished. Working hours have been cut. Fifteen million people are being fed and clothed and sheltered and educated by the government. Banks have agreed to make loans. Silver and gold have been nationalized. Gold has been revalued. Advertising has increased in newspapers and magazines. Many businesses have reported themselves on the upgrade. Millions of unemployed have been put back to work. Hope has returned to the nation, and faith. And there has never been seen such charity, public and private, as exists today.

BUT the soldier has not yet been paid his "bonus." This was one of the things Father Coughlin mentioned on his first Sunday.

"For God's sake pay the boys the money we owe them."

He had been silent when Roosevelt, early in his administration, refused to pay the debt. The American Legion, which swore by him, thought he had forgotten "the boys." But then he had been silent too on our recognition of Russia. And he had been silent about Al Smith, after his Hippodrome speech, though he had promised to be sensationally vocal. It was believed all over the country that the White House had "muzzled" him.

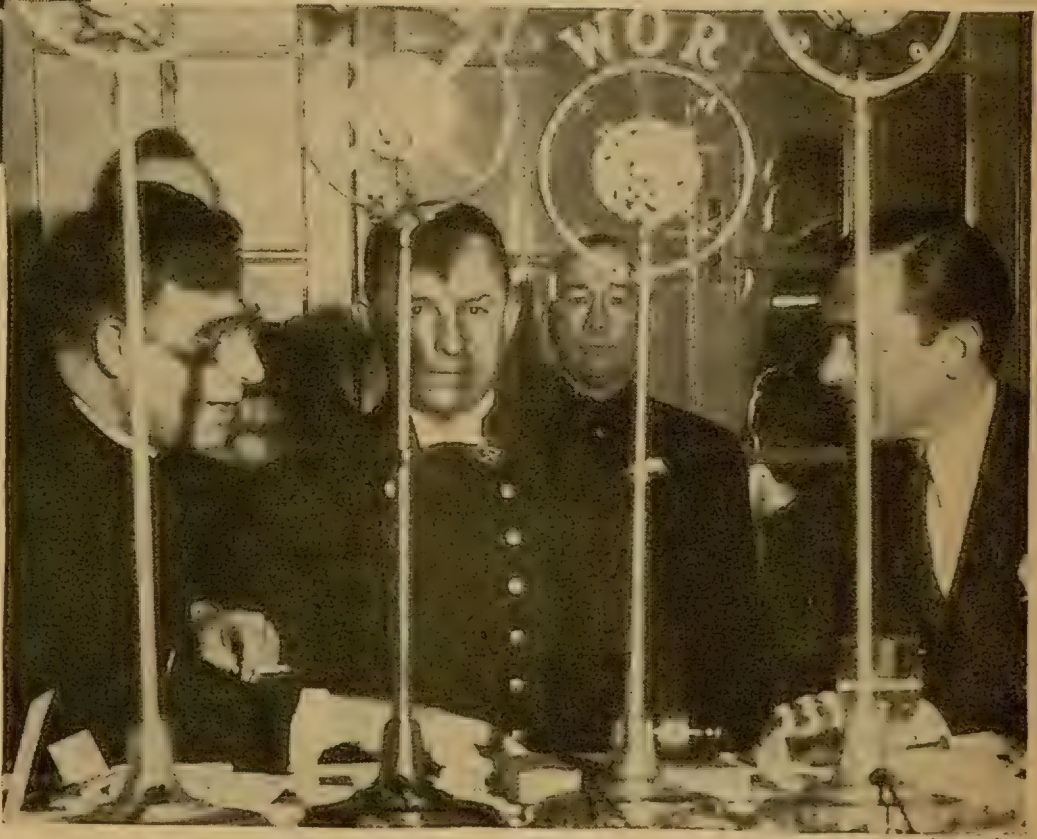
There was no muzzle apparent in his sermon of October 28, though there was a hint of an apology to Secretary Morgenthau. He called young Morgenthau an upright man, and bade his lambs have confidence in him.

A Detroit dispatch, printed in the New York World-Telegram, said that during the past summer Father Coughlin had put away his clerical garments and made a 5,000-mile tour of the country. Calling himself Fred Schultz, he went into strike areas, farming regions, big industrial centers, and Washington, D. C. He tried to find himself a job. He tried to borrow money from banks. He failed to get a loan from a bank, but he did get a job from a mill foreman in Gastonia, North Carolina. He got nine dollars a week.

"He reports," the dispatch read, "that confidence in the recovery program is slipping. . . . In his weekly speeches this fall he intends to start a campaign of patience for the Roosevelt administration, which he believes is doing all that is humanly possible to restore prosperity."

Father Coughlin didn't tell me anything about this Harun-al-Rashid adventure when I talked to him at the Shrine last October 2. But then he had little time to give me, and most of it was taken up by his dictating a story for Liberty—in exchange for my immortal soul.

I had read up on him before I visited Detroit, but the more I read the less I understood him. Besides newspaper clippings, I read all his sermons I could find. I read two biographies, one written by Ruth Mugglebee, a Boston newspaper woman who idolizes him, and the other by Louis B. Ward, M.A., Pd.M., a former Detroit newspaperman. The latter is an "authorized" book.



Acme photo

Father Coughlin and Mayor Jimmy Walker (right) at the New York Firemen's Communion breakfast where the priest defended Jimmy.

I gathered he was a saintly man, a deep student of economics. I gathered also that he was a fighter who stopped at nothing to make his point; a good shepherd warning his flock against the stock market, and sometimes taking a flyer himself; a man burned up with charity, and a man who spared no one he believed wrong, who would blast a reputation without compunction if he believed he had to. Perhaps, I thought, if I could talk to him, he might explain himself.

It's a forty-five-minute ride by taxi from Detroit to Royal Oak, and the jehus charge two dollars and fifty cents an hour or fraction of an hour. They make a very nice living out of visitors to the Shrine. The one who drove me is probably opening a private bank. I made many trips; but never got nearer the priest than the telephone girl or one of the assistants at the rectory. I was told he would not see me.

One night I bought the Autobiography of St. Thérèse of Lisieux—A Little White Flower, thinking it might help me write with some intelligence about the Shrine. I meant merely to dip into it. Before I was aware, I was deeply engrossed in it.

It was the story of a middle-class French girl, a headstrong beauty with a wealth of sunny hair, who became a Carmelite nun, who suffered tortures during most of her life in the convent, who was always cold, always ill, who wanted to suffer as Christ suffered on the cross.

The little saint had taken me into a world I had forgotten long years ago. Twice I turned out the lights and tried to sleep. Twice I turned them on and continued reading. Here was a saint with imagination and a sense of humor. Here was one who wanted all the people in the world to be good, to be saved. She was a ball of fire. She was a darling. She would help me get to Father Coughlin and make him talk. I read until dawn.

That afternoon I met Searle Hendee, who had worked with me on Chicago newspapers. I hadn't seen him in twenty years. He knew Leo Fitzpatrick, general manager and vice president of the Good Will Station, WJR.

"He's the one old friend who still sticks to Father Coughlin," Hendee said. "And he's my friend. I'll call him up, and you'll see Coughlin."

I saw him the following Sunday but didn't talk to him. There was a crowd about him. Men pushed through the crowd to shake his hand—a police lieutenant from New York, a drummer whose home was in Oshkosh, the manager of a department store in Muncie, a woman from Keokuk. The priest shook hands with every one. He ran his fingers playfully through the hair of a little boy and called him "Curly." He blessed a woman from Saskatchewan and her half-blind little girl.

Then he saw his mother emerging from the little shop where souvenirs are sold. He went through the crowd to her, escorted her to an automobile, and drove away. On the street were cars bearing the license plates of nearly every state, and many provinces of Canada.

My appointment with the priest was for Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. I was there on time. But nobody knew where the priest was. Shortly before eleven he came suddenly through the door. He begged pardon for the delay, but "one of those unavoidable things" had come up and he had had to make me wait. Would I forgive him?

"Sure," I said. "What I have to say may or may not take long. It all depends on you. I don't think coming here is going to do me any good. I don't think you'll give me what I want."

Sometimes that is a very good way to attack.

"Come in," he said.

We entered the basement room. I began to speak of St. Thérèse, what she had done for him and for his church—meaning gradually to lead on to other things.

"You think I'm a big shot?" he asked. "Well, we go up so high, and then we come down with a crash. My time is coming. Don't kid me."

"Well," I said, "let's talk about the Little Flower and the miracle she wrought in making you a big shot."

HE laughed, then looked at me sternly.

"We've been having a novena to her," he said. "Where were you?"

"In New York the first few days. In Detroit the balance of the time. Anyway, I haven't been inside a Catholic church in years."

It was then he bargained for my soul—and got it.

"Take out your pencil," he said, when we had done with haggling, "and I'll dictate."

I took down his words with the stub of a pencil.

"Each age seems to produce a special saint, raised up by God to meet the needs of that age. There was a Benedict for the hermits in the early sixth century. In the thirteenth century there was a Francis who preached the gospel of poverty in the days of aristocratic plutocracy. There was, later on in the sixteenth century, an Ignatius Loyola, who carried to the people a reason for the faith that was in them."

He punctuated as he dictated—and I thought idly that he had been trained for the priesthood exactly as had all the saints in the calendar.

"Perhaps France required the presence of a Joan of Arc to weave together the broken strands of patriotism and of sacrifice. "These are but a few random examples."

He had said the same prayers as Benedict and Francis and Ignatius and Joan of Arc. He had prayed to the same Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to the same Virgin, the same apostles.

"In our own day we have seemed to dedicate ourselves to the theory that belief was negligible and reason omnipotent. Our scientist became our hero. University graduates and the product of mass education became his followers. There was nothing that could not be accomplished by the scientific endeavor of man. The dreams of Jules Verne were to become the realities of tomorrow. Had not Marconi and Graham Bell made a side attack on the enemies of space and time which up to this day hold man in slavery? Had not Arkwright and Watt and every inventor down to our own Edison implanted the idea that there was abundance for all in the loom, the steam engine, and the electric generator, which they were creating for our service? It was the age of reason triumphant, of science deified.

"SUDDENLY the drama of 1914 was enacting its scenes on the stage of France and Flanders. Suddenly reason went mad, and science, like a Frankenstein's monster, turned upon its creators to destroy them and to mock the civilization they had upbuilded.

"Evidently this age needed a new leader, and was seeking a new way to follow toward happiness.

"In the above few sentences I have sketched for you briefly the place the Little Flower has in the scheme of our modern recovery.

"Not that I frown upon science; not that I disparage education; not that I look askance upon a Mme. Curie, a Pasteur, or an Edison—these heroes I venerate for what they have done for us. But their contributions to life and the things necessary to life are totally inadequate unless we first seek the Kingdom of God, which is identified not only with His love for us but especially with our love, and the consequent sacrifices entailed, for Him.

"Now the plan of the Little Flower in the scheme of our day is to teach us that by prayer to God for our fellow man, and by our services, rendered both to God and to our fellow man through the medium of offering up our days and their labors to Him who created us, are essential for the progress of humanity.

"The Jew cannot mock this philosophy, because in his own Scriptures he reads, 'Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.'

"The Christian cannot turn a deaf ear to this way of the Little Flower when he reads in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians that 'though I have faith so that I can move mountains . . . though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, I am nothing.'

"Now it is evident to those who are studying the great question—what is wrong with civilization?—that the time had arrived when it was necessary to build it not so much on scientific achievement but upon the love of God, by whom we were made, and for whom we were made.

"While I am most intensely interested in the recovery of our nation, I eschew all radicalism, and desire only one thing—that we will restore the principles of Jesus Christ into practice. For, to paraphrase the words of Pius XI, my spiritual superior, the more we attempt to extricate ourselves out of the sorrowful conditions in which we exist, the deeper we'll dig ourselves into the pit, unless first the principles of Christian love and Christian justice are restored."

The interview was definitely over. I had no opportunity to ask any questions about anything.

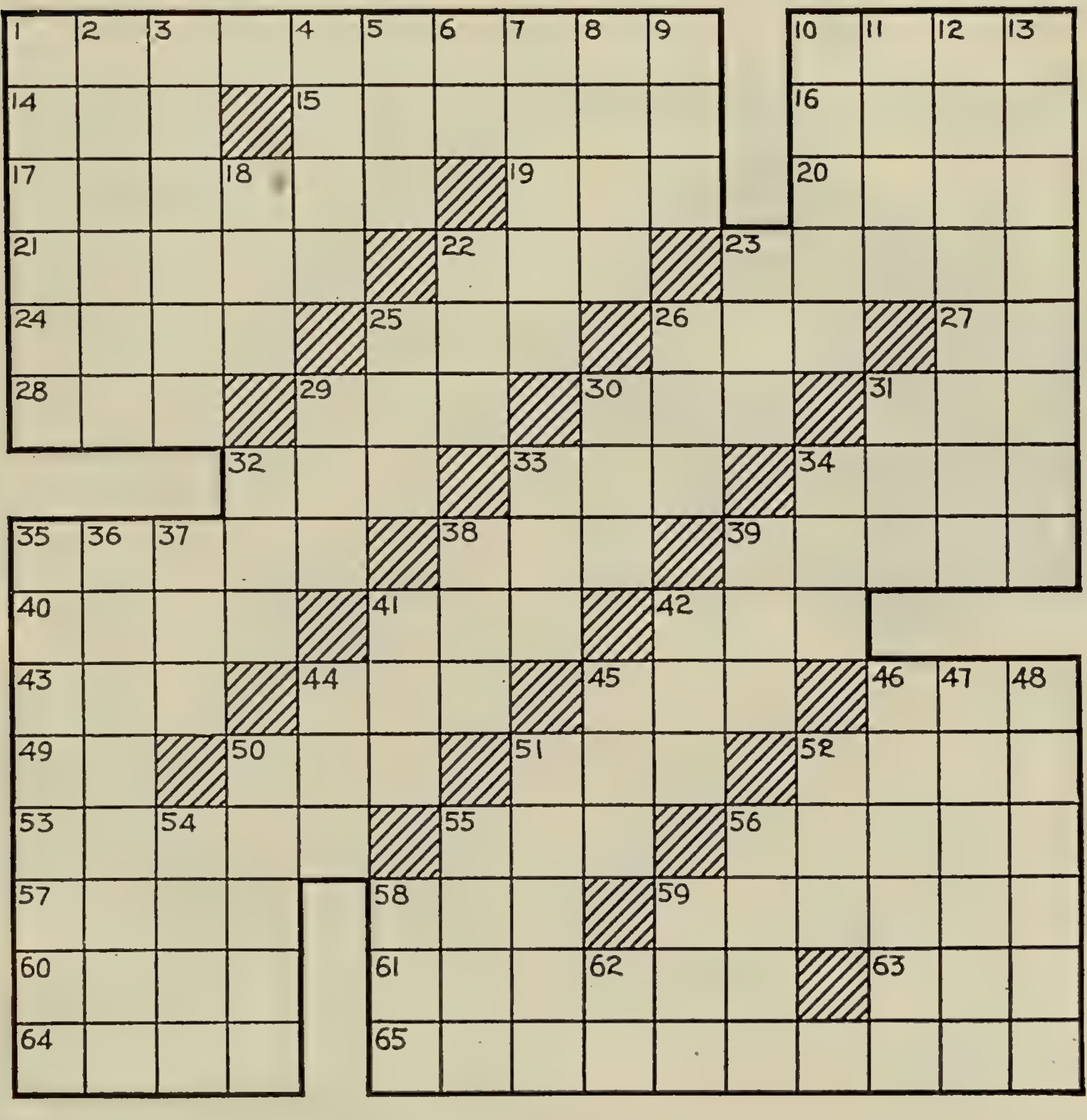
THE END

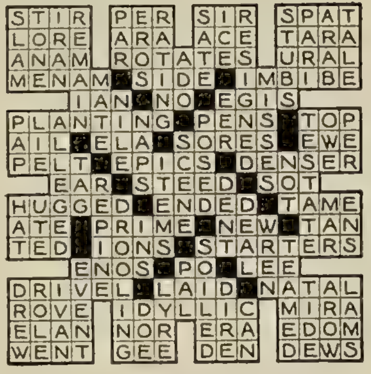
Answer to the "New Deal" in Banking Puzzle on Page 28

The original check was for $14.32. Reverse these figures and you get $32.14, from which if you subtract $3.50, the result will be $28.64, which is double $14.32. Where most people slip is here: they realize that the number of cents in the original check must be twice the number of dollars plus 3; but they forget that a 1 must be carried to complete the subtraction of the $3.50, so that the number of cents must be twice the number of dollars plus 3 *plus* 1.

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane





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STIR PER SIR SPAT
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TED■IONS■STARTERS
   ENOS■PO■LEE
DRIVEL■LAID■NATAL
ROVE IDYLLIC MIRA
ELAN NOR ERA EDOM
WENT GEE DEN DEWS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

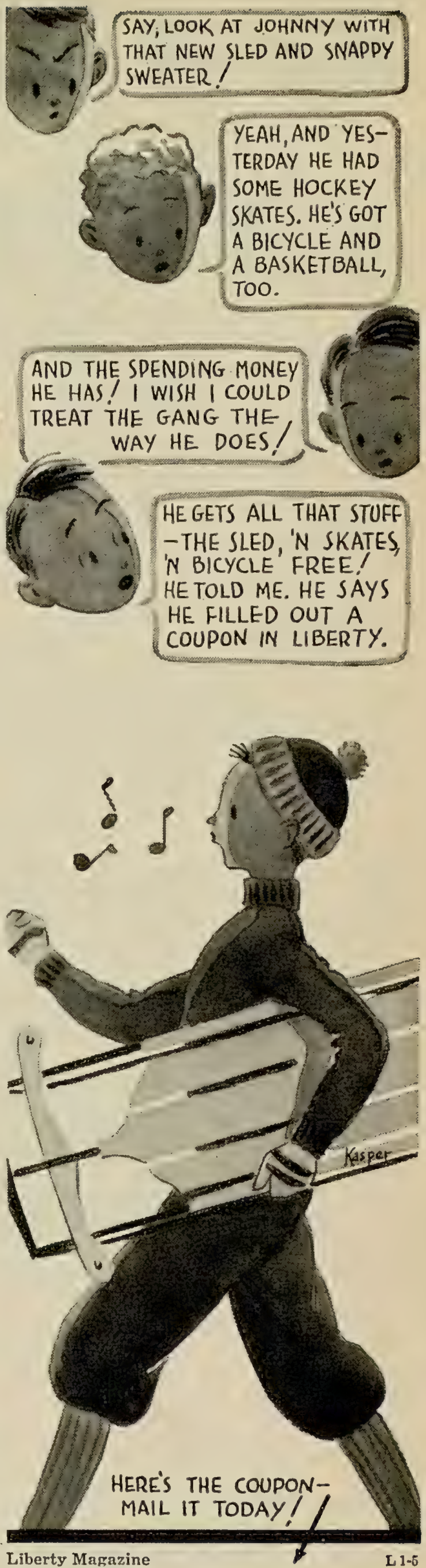
HORIZONTAL

1 These fellows are great mixers and always keep you in good spirits
10 Smacko!
14 How Nero wrote I love
15 Entrance for groceries
16 State
17 Light hider
19 Noodle Eating Organizations (abbr.)
20 Cut out
21 One of the first Homers
22 Nasal crooners' broadcasting station
23 Deserve
24 These things have a way of slipping through your fingers
25 . . . - - - . . .
26 Where to go to study cell life
27 The end of incompetence
28 This is an eye sore
29 Here's where they lead a cagy life
30 A steel bar
31 Roast
32 Not to feel so good
33 The old hen's last hot spot
34 Warm air stirrer uppers
35 To cut hair in the Indian manner
38 A sudden movement in the frog nation
39 What pretty nurses take every day
40 Hibernian ukulele
41 Receiver of rotten eggs and ripe tomatoes
42 It takes this kind of tin to get around the peaches
43 Here's a bird cross worders always get
44 A bit of steak and onions to Dobbin
45 This may be soft but it makes horses hard
46 A bit of dog
49 Early beginnings of Rome
50 Here's a bird that goes off on plenty of hoots
51 A lion little pup
52 Where he was when he went into his trance
53 A dead spittin' thing
55 This'll fill you with Jamaica ginger
56 These have no tongues, sound all wet, and are always seen dancing
57 What the stag had drunk at eve
58 A highball that's hard to get around the courts
59 Here's a fellow who's his own boss
60 Large-sized ice cube
61 Old-fashioned adding machine
63 Before
64 This fellow has an eye for the future
65 These are always on the house

VERTICAL

1 You'll always find these things hanging on to a bottle
2 This is simply charming
3 Hunky-dorily
4 Pinched
5 Nothing doing
6 Dying Stooges (abbr.)
7 They've always been slaves to cross words
8 This is usually broken
9 The sign of a full house
10 If you double this you'll find people frequently resort to it
11 If this is left at supper it turns up stewed or in an awful hash later
12 Peculiar birds who hold more in their beaks than their belican
13 Phoniness
18 Them as does this gits
22 To roast a ham
23 Bipeds
25 An old-time tanner
26 The heart of a peach
29 Pep
30 Thus went the weasel
31 Person whose throat you never cut
32 Carnera was an ambling this
33 She often gives this the air
34 High old time
35 Horse-opera stars
36 Tea tonic
37 Association of Rheumatic Undertakers (abbr.)
38 Nut closet
39 What married men do and do and do
41 The bluff king
42 This gives you a run for your money
44 It's better to do this than to cheat people out of their money
45 About the only thing they can't invent for machinery these days
46 Apples in Paris
47 A receiver of empty pop bottles
48 Bopps
50 A leery-eyed fellow
51 Here's a low-down kind of heel
52 This is known for its tail of woe
54 Cross-word fans find this bitter
55 A beachy thing that gets around the girls
56 A buck in Spain
58 This is missing in big corporations
59 Whah?
62 A half cent

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue


SAY, LOOK AT JOHNNY WITH THAT NEW SLED AND SNAPPY SWEATER!
YEAH, AND YESTERDAY HE HAD SOME HOCKEY SKATES. HE'S GOT A BICYCLE AND A BASKETBALL, TOO.
AND THE SPENDING MONEY HE HAS! I WISH I COULD TREAT THE GANG THE WAY HE DOES!
HE GETS ALL THAT STUFF—THE SLED, 'N SKATES, 'N BICYCLE FREE! HE TOLD ME. HE SAYS HE FILLED OUT A COUPON IN LIBERTY.
Kasper
HERE'S THE COUPON—MAIL IT TODAY!

Liberty Magazine L 1-5
Boy Sales Division
Macfadden Publications, Inc.
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

NAME............................AGE........

ADDRESS..

CITY.........................STATE ....

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

....

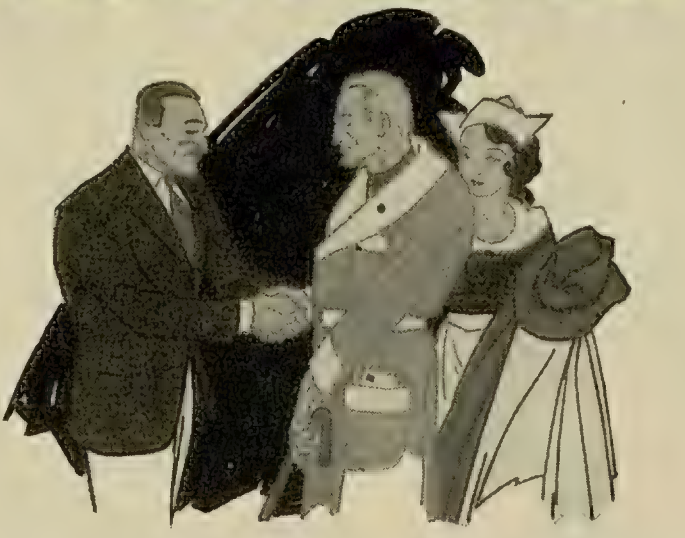
New Worlds to Make

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by

PARKE F. HANLEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



ON my way to the Legion Convention that year I stopped off at the Veterans' Hospital to see Corporal Timothy Kelley. The nurse waved us to a chair on the balcony.

"He'll be glad to know you're here," she said.

I wondered. The last time I had seen Kelley we were going up in the advance. In a forbidden backward glance I saw the stretcher bearers lifting him out of the muck. The steadfast Kelley whose eyes were an assurance in the toughest spots, whose ruddiness shone through weariness and grime.

Soldiers sometimes forgot the girls back home, but not Kelley. According to the signs she never was out of his mind. To him war was a terrible thing, to be fought and be done with. Afterward a man could live his life.

The tap-tap of a cane betokened his approach now.

"Captain Evans," he greeted me, "it's fine of you to visit a crocked corporal. Find yourself a chair. I'm sorry I can't do the honors."

"Tim," I said, "I've been trying for years to catch up with you. Whenever I thought I had you I'd find you'd been transferred."

"I'm just one of the roving Irish, cap. I had to see America first." He grinned at his own grim humor.

"If I had the squarehead who did this to you," I burst out, "I'd rip off his hide in little bits!"

"This isn't as bad as they say," he consoled me. "You lose a lot—sure you do; but then again, you gain many things to make up. You get to live with your thoughts—you're forced to."

"Another letter for you, Kelley," the nurse interrupted. "I hope you're not going to file this too."

Her eyes swept ours with an appeal which, at the moment, held no meaning. Without a word Kelley thrust it in a pocket of his lounging robe. It held others, also unopened.

"What did the nurse mean?" I asked.

"That's just her little joke," he replied. But the color drained from his cheeks. He reached into his robe and his sensitive fingers found the freshest envelope.

"See, cap," he said as he handed it to me, "if this has a Shelby, Michigan, postmark."

It had. His mouth confessed a sudden pain.

"If you want me to read it to you," I said, anxious to retrieve my blunder, "I'll promise, like the fellow in the story, not to listen while I read."

"Cap," he answered in a lifeless tone, "I haven't the guts to open that letter, and here are four more in my pocket."

"I don't understand, Tim."

"Here, then! Read that letter."

It began with a gentle rebuke for not replying to other letters, but there was an implied forgiveness. It said, as if with repetition, that she felt Tim needed her and she must go to him.

"It isn't fair to you—or to Agnes," said Kelley, "to let you in for this without telling you why. Ever since—ever since This happened, I've told only two men, men I needed for the game I was playing on her. Now I need you, so I'll tell you—or would you rather not listen?"

The letter had told me too much. I had to hear.

"That's the kind of a girl Agnes is—the finest, squarest creature God ever gave to the world. We were to be married, but the war came along. If I'd listened to her we would have been man and wife before I started across. Something held me back—and I'm grateful for it—a dread of maybe coming back with an arm or a leg off, or perhaps shell shock. I held out against her, and broke my heart in doing it.

"When they told me I would be sightless for the rest of my days, I had to build me a new world, one without Agnes. She didn't know, you know: only that I had been wounded. It was the grace of God she went to live with her sister in Shelby and didn't meet any of the boys when they came home.

"I couldn't write, you understand, but there was a lad in the cot next to mine who—give him a pen—could persuade an Arab to the North Pole. He *told* her. He said there wasn't a muddy gutter in France I hadn't blotted. I was, in his words, the everlasting shame of the A. E. F.

"She was sorry to hear that, she wrote back to him, but it was the strain of war and I'd come to myself. This fellow Brodhead, though—you'll find his name in the magazines, they tell me—was worked up. The Allied commanders, he came back at her, had made a special petition to have me removed from the war zone because of the evil effect I was having on the troops and I couldn't answer her letter because I was in jail.

"It was just wild oats, she answered, and she felt sure it would pass. Brodhead was fit to be tied. In his next letter he got me out of jail and turned me loose among women.

"That, we thought, should register. But did it? No indeed. She suspected a streak of jealousy in Brodhead. He quit. Then I got another fellow. He had the divil's mind, that one. He said I was entertaining every café in Paris with songs that mocked her. That did it. She wrote back that he could tell Mr. Kelley—*Mr.*, do you get it?—she was through with him and was going to marry a decent boy in Shelby. I damn' near died when we got this letter. Not because she was going to be married, you understand. It was the filthy game I had played on her."

"Well, wasn't it a relief?"

"It would have been that, but it wasn't over. That second looie we had—remember Oglesby?—no more sense than any other shavetail. Well, he met her sister in Shelby and told her it was all a pack of lies. He didn't know I had lost my sight, but he told her I was in a government hospital. Agnes broke with this fellow in Shelby to find me. I pulled every wire I could to be transferred and transferred again.

"But her letters followed me, like this one. I never answered her. But I've got to now and, for her sake, end it for good and all."

SLOWLY and laboriously he wrote. It was just a few lines, just a curt note in fact, telling her a woman must be shameless to pursue a man who was through with her. He paused.

"I can't let it go just like that," he said. "Some one word of truth must be a part of this mess of deceit—What's that? Is that you crying, nurse?"

The woman with me whose sobs had broken her long control came forward.

"Now you know, Agnes Carmody," I said.

"I knew always!" she cried as she took him in her arms. "Come, Tim Kelley, up with you! You and I have a new world to make."

"Merciful Mother!" he moaned as the tears rained down his cheeks.

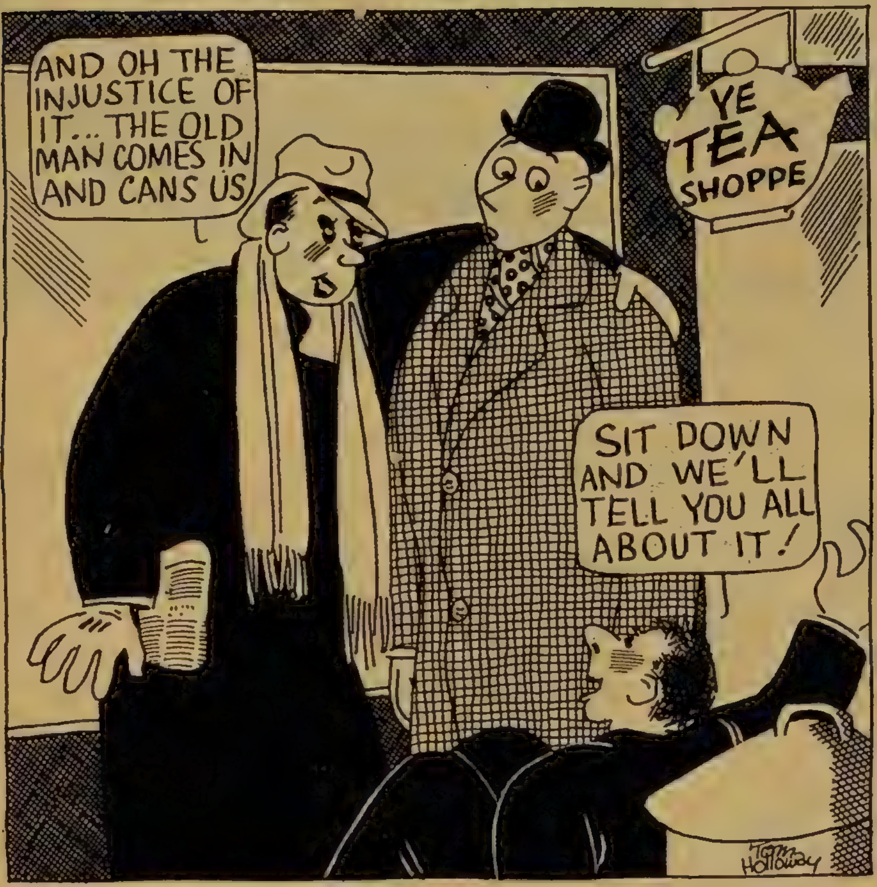
I rose as they clung bravely to each other.

"Carry on, soldiers," I said in departing.

THE END

ENTER TODAY $2,000 CASH PRIZE

GAME OF CITIES


AND OH THE INJUSTICE OF IT... THE OLD MAN COMES IN AND CANS US
YE TEA SHOPPE
SIT DOWN AND WE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 5

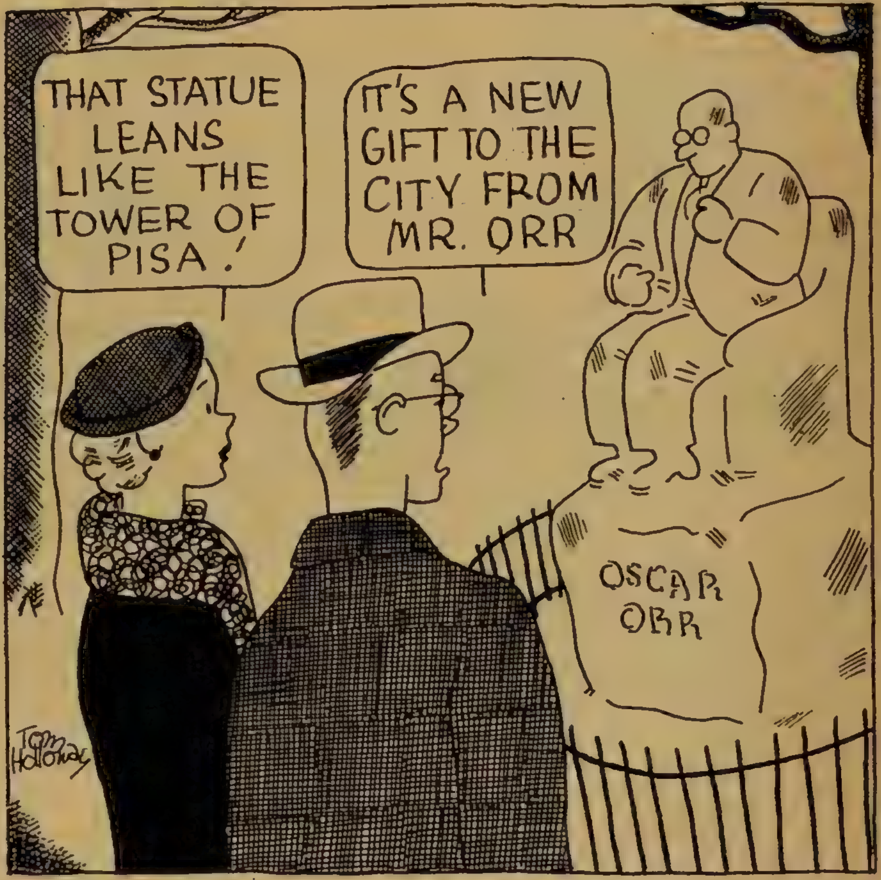
Name of City.....................................

HERE are two more drawings in the $2,000 cash prize Game of Cities to challenge the acumen of the Liberty readers who have already solved the first four in this series. If you missed out at the start of the game you still have time to enter and win. In brief, each contest drawing indicates or suggests the name of an American city. Study the pictures and see if you can find out which city each suggests. It will be helpful to read the dialogue carefully. You may find important clues in these words. And do not neglect to scan every part of each drawing. You may find the cities indicated easily. Perhaps only one will be easy for you. However, if you can find one name there is no reason why the other should elude you for long.

LATE ENTRY!

When you have both cities selected, if this is your first entry in this contest you will need to solve drawings 1 to 4 to bring your entry even with the field. If you have mislaid the two previous issues of Liberty, reprints of these drawings are available. Mail your request for them to the address in Rule 6. They will be supplied gratis and without delay.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000


THAT STATUE LEANS LIKE THE TOWER OF PISA!
IT'S A NEW GIFT TO THE CITY FROM MR. ORR
OSCAR ORR
Tom Holloway

PICTURE NO. 6

Name of City.....................................

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.

2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

TWO MORE CONTEST DRAWINGS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Murder of Dr. Casanova

Can You Tell How Death Came to Dinny O'Day Without Turning the Pages that Follow? Don't Be Too Sure . . . A Surprise Awaits at the End of This Colorful Tale

by LUCILE ANETEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

I KNOW how the murder was done and I'm really to blame," said Mr. Van Winkle. "Besides that, I hid important evidence, and that makes me an ac—accessory. I'll go to prison if they like, but Mary must be cleared. Yes, she will be cleared now!"

"How did it all start?" Jason asked.

"It started with my getting up to find the mare. I did find her. She was cropping grass right near the body—not down by the bridge, like I said. I seen the body laying there, and run right to him. There was the nasty bruise, there was the horse, and right by his head was what killed him. When I saw it, and understood what it meant and how it happened, I must 'a' gone crazy. I picked it up, and before I even woke up mother I hid it. Here was the doctor, dead, right by our door—Mary's friend. And for all I knew then she'd been with him, perhaps seen him killed. I was scared—scared for Mary and scared for myself and my share in the murder. So I hid it."

"Your share, Mr. Van Winkle! What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you see, Mr. Jones, if I hadn't been careless—I guess they call it criminal negligence—the death would never have happened. It couldn't! I supplied the weapon and did all but aim the blow. It was an accident, but I made it possible."

"Where is the weapon?"

"It's hid in the shop with some old iron. You wait here; I'll get it." Before Jason could reply, Pop Van Winkle was hobbling stiffly toward the barns.

"Whatever he's got up his sleeve," thought Jason, "I hope to God it's something that will free Rip."

Pop reappeared in two or three minutes. "There," he said; "there it is."

Jason looked at the iron he held in his hand. "Is this what you found by Dinny?" he asked, perplexed.

"Right by his head. He'd dropped like a stone from the force of the throw. Anyway, there's some marks on it."

He turned it over. What might have been blood had made a little smudge on one end of the large iron horseshoe.

"You see"—Mr. Van Winkle was eager to talk now—"when I put Kit out, I looked at her hind shoe last thing. It had been loose, and sure enough 'twas about off. I'd have ripped it off, but she was anxious to get out in the lot and fidgeted, and as my tools was way up in the shop I let her go. I thought, 'She'll just kick it off before morning.' And she did," he repeated bitterly. "She did, all right. She killed the doctor with it!"

Jason looked at him incredulously. "And you found the horse near the doctor?"

"Yes; and the body was quite warm. It hadn't happened long before. The way I figure it is this. You remember the headlight that was out? I think Dr. Dinny got out to look at that, after—after Mrs. Gibson had been carried down and just as he was leaving. The mare was out, and probably eating and walking along near the car. He either spoke sharp, or p'haps threw a little stone to get her out the way. She's a quick one to jump and rear anyway, and up went her heels quick as a flash, and off went that shoe. Wouldn't have happened once in a lifetime. But it hit him hard and right in the temple."

"Did you examine her shoes right away?"

"Just the minute I caught her. The loose one was off, as I knew it would be. It was her shoe—I saw that as I picked it up."

Jason sat very still, his eyes bright with concentration. He went over all he knew, checking it against Pop Van Winkle's story. Everything fitted. It was not only possible; it was plausible.

"Mr. Van Winkle," he said, "this is a very strange story. I believe you; and if we tell it exactly as you have told me, others will too."

"Believe it—of course! Why wouldn't they?" puzzled the old man. "But will it get Mary off? I don't care what happens to me."

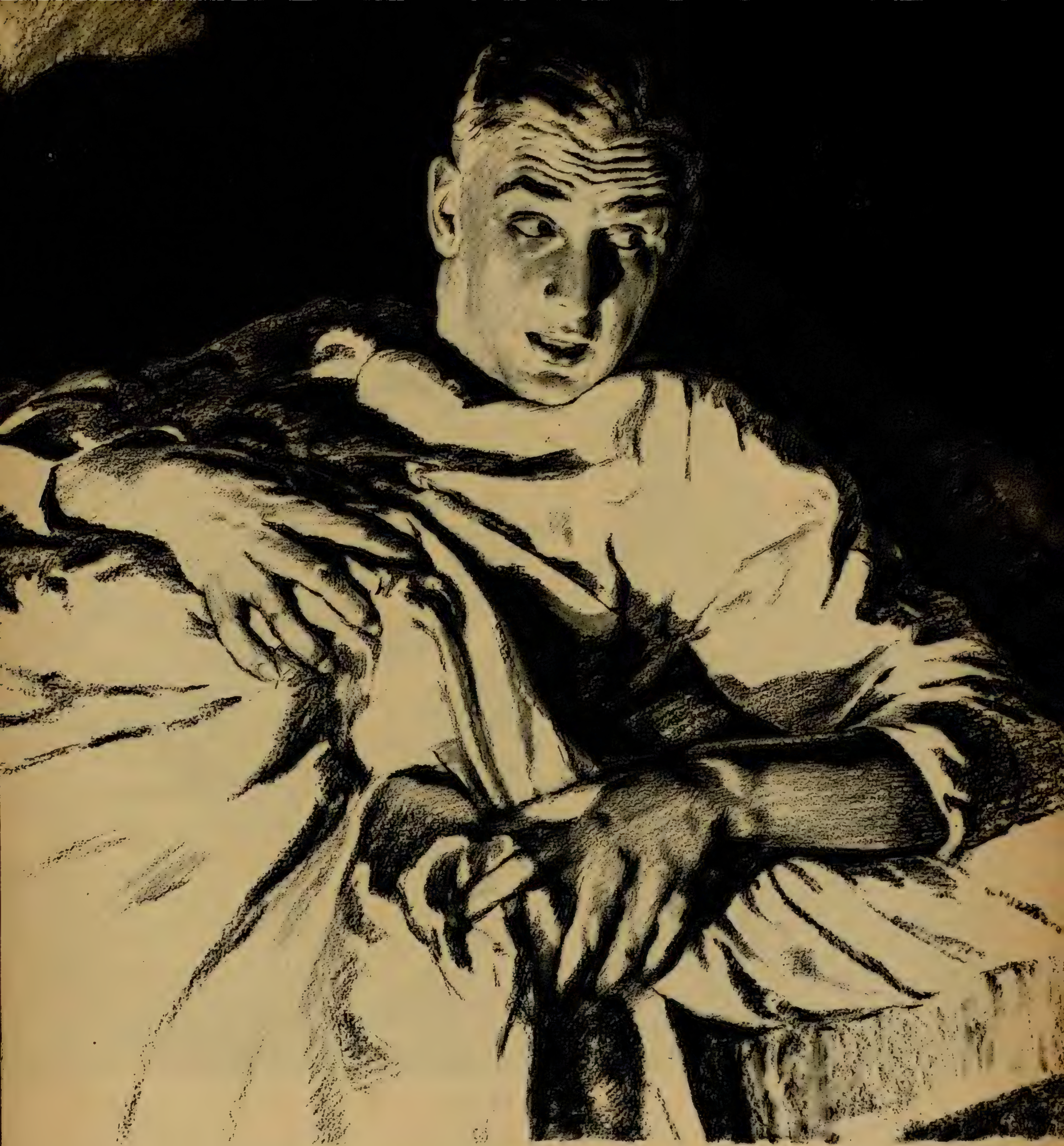
"I meant that," Jason amended, "it is sure proof that Mary could have had nothing in the world to do with the death. And as for your being punished, don't worry over it. The entire thing was an accident."

"I knew you'd see a way out!" Emotion caused the hard unwilling flush of old age to suffuse his face.

Jason closed his eyes. "If we're only in time!" he murmured. "If we're only in time!"

Jason and Mr. Van Winkle spent that afternoon with Rip's lawyer, Mark Borden. By the time the two left plans were taking shape for formally presenting the new evidence next day.

"Not a doubt in the world, Mr. Van Winkle," Mark



He heard a door open and some one go down the front stairs—Angelo's step.

Borden cockily assured the farmer, " that I can have your daughter released tomorrow. It's a remarkable story, but we must make them realize that truth is stranger than fiction."

When Jason got home Angelo and Aunt Hat were together on the porch, watching the long shadows steal farther and farther across the smooth lawns.

" Did Van Winkle really have something to tell? " Angelo asked anxiously.

" Yes, he did," Jason answered seriously. " It's an extraordinary heaven-sent piece of news."

While Jason told his story his listeners remained almost taut with attention, hearing him without interruption.

" What do you think of it, Angelo? " he asked finally.

Angelo puffed meditatively a moment before he answered: " I think it's good, but the jury's acceptance will depend on old Pop's inner convictions. How strong are they? "

" He's like a rock," said Jason.

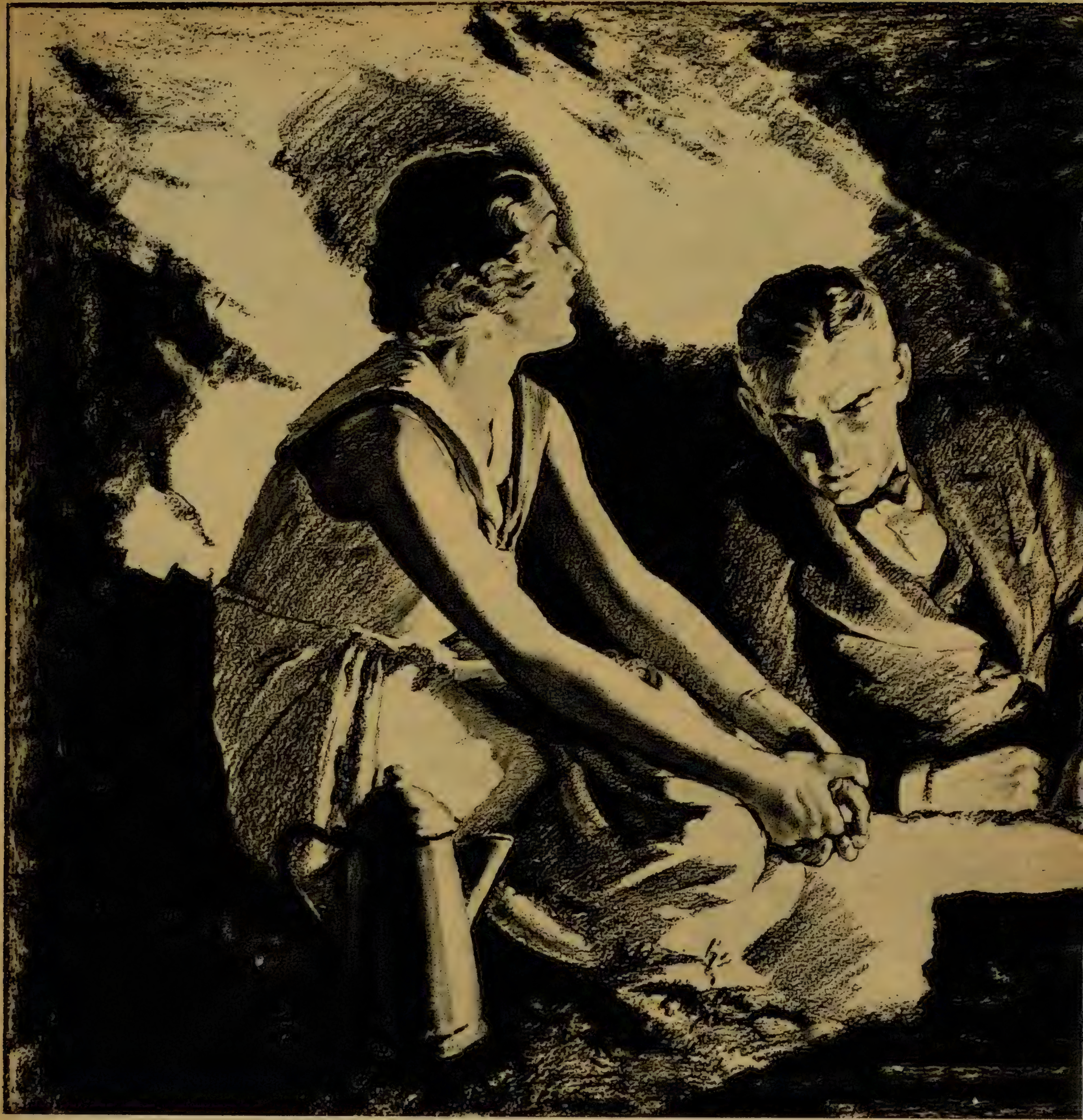
" Well, all I hope," Aunt Hat said tartly, " is that tomorrow will settle it for all of us."

" I don't think Donovan will be any too pleased," Angelo mused.

" Jason," Aunt Hat remembered suddenly, " Celia Townsend called you this afternoon. I said I'd tell you when you came in."

Jason leaped to his feet. " I'll call her right away."

Celia answered the telephone herself. " Oh, hello,



"I knew he'd had other women. But I didn't care! I took the chance—and him."

Jason Jones. I'm glad you're back."

"I am too." His tones were hearty. "It was nice of you to call me. Am I going to see you?"

"I hope so. Tell me, first of all, is poor Rip Van Winkle out yet?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, Jason, but I asked Miss O'Day, and she said Rip could surely go home today."

"She did? Bless her heart, that was just because she trusted me to get her out. She didn't know for sure until ten minutes ago that Mary is to be out tomorrow. Then I came out and told her."

"I knew you'd do it!" Celia crowed.

Jason laughed. "Well, it's nice to be thought a hero, but I'm really just an impostor, madam. I had precious little to do with it. But, tell me, when did you see Aunt Harriet?"

"Yesterday afternoon, when I heard about Mary Van Winkle's arrest."

"Oh?" Jason's voice was inquiring.

"I wanted to talk with her about it; but she said she wasn't worrying a bit—that you were coming up from New York and everything would be fine."

"Mm. Well, then, how about rewarding my many virtues by going driving with me, say tomorrow afternoon about four?"

"Could we have a picnic?"

"We could. I'll stop for you at the house then."

"Yes. Good night—and thank you, Jason Jones."

"Good night, Celia."

Jason sat looking dreamily at the telephone a minute. Then he shook himself. "You ass," he muttered, and went back to the porch.

"I think I'll go to bed," he announced.

"Did you get Celia?" Aunt Hat demanded interestedly.

“Of course he did,” said Angelo. “Didn’t you hear that lilt in his voice?”

“You go to hell!” observed Jason amiably. He kissed Miss O’Day and looked coldly at Angelo, then went up the stairs cheerily whistling

My love’s like a red, red rose,
That’s newly sprung in June.

Although Jason had gone to bed blithely confident that all the troubles and excitements of the day would be banished by sleep, he fretted and tossed long after the house was quieted for the night. A procession formed, passed, formed again, and then broke up before his eyes. Rip; Lew Evans; Dinny himself as he had been at that last gay dance with Celia; Primrose, who had said that Dinny would always come back to her “no matter what” and who died without regret; Mr. Townsend, whose eyes were forever hiding his thoughts behind their cold gray curtain; Celia, with sunlight on her hair; Tom Collins; the mare, prowling the roadside with a clacking shoe; Lila, lying so quietly; Aunt Harriet, with the last diary; Angelo, looking down at his brother; Angelo’s expression when he heard Donovan’s report that the Rome people had corroborated his statement. Presently through the darkness there came to him the sense of another wakeful presence down the wide hall—a creak, then a subdued noise. Another hour dragged itself through sixty desultory minutes before he heard a door open and some one go down the front stairs—Angelo’s step. Jason threw back the bedclothes, felt for slippers, and followed a thread of light down the stairs and to the open library door.

ANGELO stood at one of the tall cases, drawing a book from the shelf.

“Is that what you usually prescribe for insomnia?” inquired Jason.

“Oh, hello. Have you got it too? Perhaps you’d be surprised at the variety of things I prescribe, but I wager you’d be more surprised at what I’m taking. It is The Thousand and One Nights. Aunt Harriet used to read me to sleep with it when I was a youngster.”

“He’s talking fast,” thought Jason. Angelo’s face was haggard and one shoulder wearily sought the support of the bookcase.

“Angelo,” said Jason slowly, “it was you whom Collins saw returning to Utica, wasn’t it?”

“Oh, yes, yes, yes. It’s a wonder to me that the whole world didn’t guess, too.” His tones were acid.

“I didn’t know it myself—not for sure—until I saw you drive in at noon Sunday. I was half asleep, and you did for an instant look like Dinny. What I don’t understand, though,” continued Jason, “is how it happened that the Rome people verified your statement to the police that you didn’t leave your patient until four thirty in the morning.”

“I made a flying trip to my office for a can of oxygen. I can only suppose the Wilsons were so confused by our efforts to keep the patient going that night that they forgot I’d been away at all, and so merely told Donovan when I arrived and when I left the house in the morning.”

“I see. But then you must have passed Dinny somewhere along that road?”

“I did. He was right there, near Van Winkle’s place—right where you found him. He was alive and, Jason, he was—he was alone, standing in front of the car. He seemed to be examining the headlight that was out. I slowed up a bit when I saw him, and waved and asked whether he needed any help; and he said no, that he’d be along in a minute.”

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“as smooth as old brandy”

"But didn't you return to Rome immediately after getting the oxygen?"

"Yes. But I went back by the Westmoreland road."

"I see."

"Dinny killed Lila. I knew that, the minute you told me she was dead. He was alone when I saw him. She must have been lying dead then. If I'd known, I would have killed him myself! How he died doesn't matter to me."

"Did you pass any one you recognized on the road between the Van Winkles' house and Utica?"

"No," said Angelo shortly.

When Jason climbed back into bed worry nagged at him again for a moment.

"If only I can get the wheels turning fast enough!" he said, and fell asleep. . . .

Four o'clock that afternoon found Jason stopping his car before the Townsend home. It was a warm beautiful day with just the proper amount of breeze. Jason was immaculate and comfortable in gray tweeds and one of his favorite blue shirts. He bounded up the steps of the Colonial house and gave the bell a masterful peal.

"Behold the well dressed picnicker," mocked a gay voice behind him. He turned to find Celia at the bottom of the steps, her brown eyes smiling up at him.

"You aren't so bad yourself," he returned, surveying her.

She wore her favorite color, a thin yellow frock, a tawny hat crushed over her shining hair, a flannel coat of the same shade across her arm. Jason thought of Dinny's name for her—Jonquil.

Jason took the big wicker basket she carried and, after tucking it in the back of the car, installed Celia carefully and climbed into the driver's seat.

"Now where?" he inquired. "I'm fussy about picnic grounds, so be sure you choose well."

Celia made a little moue at him. "Oh, you are, are you? Well, I know a good place. Have you ever been over the Frenchville Gorge road? There are some grand spots near there."

"I drove Aunt Hat there one Sunday, I think. Is it woodsy and narrow, only room enough for the road and creek?"

"That's it. We can build a fire on the rocks."

"Good; let's go."

They had left the city and headed for the cool freshness beyond when Celia demanded, "Now tell me all that happened this morning. Father telephoned about Mr. Van Winkle's story, but is Rip cleared—and free?"

"Entirely cleared and free as a bird. It's a very satisfactory ending, isn't it?"

Jason looked at her inquiringly. She was leaning back staring at the fat puffy clouds dotting the sky.

"Oh, it is," she agreed softly. "It *is* wonderful. The end seems to have come after all."

They drove along silently for a few moments until she asked, "Was Sergeant Donovan furious at Pop Van Winkle?"

JASON smiled reminiscently. "You chose your word better than you knew. I should say he was exactly that."

"Could he do anything to Rip's father?"

"No. He probably regrets it more than we suspect; but he could, and can, do nothing. I spirited Pop away from him before Donovan really started. It was really a kindness to the sergeant, for he'd grown more and more purple all through Pop's testimony, until I thought he'd burst a blood vessel."

Celia laughed.

They reached the gorge road, and Jason drove more slowly along the winding road until they saw the absolutely perfect spot. They parked the car off the road, and then, laden with lunch, pillows, and a rug, climbed through the white bars of the state fence and scrambled down the wooded incline to the creek.

The water was low. It ran clear and swift through the center of the shale bed. On either side were shallow slate terraces worn by the high spring floods but now dry and clean. The road was above them, traffic hidden and muffled by the thick growth of dark pines and slender birches. Opposite them, tall evergreens covered the sharply rising hill and hemmed them in a little private wilderness.

Jason radiated contentment.

"You know, I expect a few deer down to drink at any moment," he said, sniffing the fragrant piny air.

"That's not so ridiculous," Celia returned. "They do get down this far sometimes, especially before hunting season."

"Aha! Bears too?"

"Certainly. And lions, lots of them."

"I'll bet you're just joking me," he said solemnly. "You think I'm only a town mouse."

They laughed together in sheer light-heartedness.

"Now I'll collect firewood and you unpack," Jason directed, enjoying the rôle of dictator. He watched her as she got out grill and coffeepot. "I knew you could plan a man's meal," he complimented. "Somehow, I guessed you weren't a cream-cheese-sandwich girl."

"It just happens I like steak," Celia said pertly; "and go get wood or you'll have to eat it raw."

THE first bright stars were flecking the blue flag of the sky by the time they finished the meal.

"I've been eating for hours. I never suspected my enormous capacity before," Celia said, licking cake frosting from her fingers.

"You do that like a little cat—so daintily," Jason said, watching her. "It's my influence, of course—your appetite, I mean."

"Heavens! If that's true I'd better stay away from you. I'd weigh two hundred in no time."

"Well, that would keep off any more rivals," he laughed.

Celia got to her feet abruptly. "I'm going to wash my hands in the creek," she said, and Jason was left calling himself a clumsy tactless fool.

She had shaken off the tragedy until his thoughtless remark had brought Dinny back to them again.

"Sit here," he said as she came slowly back toward him. He propped pillows behind her against the ledge that formed a supporting back, and then stirred up a shower of sparks with fresh wood. Then he stretched out on the rug and looked over at her. She was gazing steadily into the leaping flames, her dark eyes brooding and somber.

"Celia," he said softly, "come back."

She turned from the fire and gave him a little smile. "Yes," she answered; "I want to come back. I like it better here, Jason. There's more—peace."

She seemed so young and lovely to be already asking for release from the past that Jason's heart ached for her. He looked at her troubled face, started to speak, frowned, and then seemed to make up his mind.

"You know, I have something of yours. I wasn't going to give it to you, but I think you'd rather have it."

She looked at him curiously. "What is it?"

"This." He took something from his pocket and laid it in her hand, where it glistened and sparkled in the firelight, and after only an instant laid beside it its radiant duplicate. In each the chalet stood forth in bold relief.

She bent over them motionless. Then a little spasmodic shiver ran through her body.

"Oh, my dear," he cried, "don't look like that! You won't be hurt any more. No one will ever know but you and me."

"But—how did you find out?" she whispered.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"I think I'd rather." She straightened up and faced him. "I want to talk it all out just once. I'll not be a coward! Go on; tell me what you know."

"A great deal is guesswork, of course," he began. "But it was your picture I found at camp that started me on the track, and then other things fitted in."

"A picture of me?"

"Yes; a snapshot in Dinny's room. It showed on your dress the chalet clip. And underneath, developed with the film, had been written, 'Decoration Day, 1932.' You had told me that you gave your clip back to Dinny in March and that he only returned it to you in June. Ergo, either you hadn't told the truth or another clip had been made. As we had a seemingly untraceable fifth clip, I suspected you had had your first clip copied. Also, whereas all four known clips were identical as to size of stones, this extra one which I had picked up from one of you was just a shade larger. And it didn't bear the name of the jewelry shop where Dinny had had the others made. I couldn't find a plausible reason for his having a single one made elsewhere. And I think it must always have been in the back of my mind, subconsciously tucked away there, that I had noticed the difference that morning you gave it to me in the garden."

"You are very clever," Celia admitted ruefully. "The stones are a trifle larger in the copy. That was just smartiness on my part—so I'd have the best clip of them all! Father had discovered my wearing the clip just as I was about to board a train for a house party down on Long Island. He made me promise to send it back immediately, but I stopped in New York and had it copied. I hated so to return it to Dinny."

"So that *was* it," said Jason, picking up the thread of the story again. "Well, then, the clip being in the road, I knew you must have been there. As Lila had ridden with Dinny, you must have been in your own car. You probably followed them out and got there after—after Lila was dead. You weren't questioned or suspected of being there, as you produced your clip and apparently no one saw you. Once I wondered myself if you'd been there. Then came Angelo's late admission that he *had* returned to Utica by that road; that he had seen Dinny, alone and alive, and that he had waved to him. That must have been after Lila's death and before his own.

"But why hadn't Angelo told it before? I felt it wasn't through fear of involving himself. So it must have been to protect some one whom he saw near the scene. Who? Plainly, some one he knew and felt reluctant to involve when he apparently knew no more than that the person was near. That fact and the clip indicated a girl. It couldn't have been Rip Van Winkle, because she passed Angelo on the overhead crossing, though she thought he was Dinny at the time. It wasn't Lila. It certainly wasn't little Primrose Evans. So it was either you or some one unknown. I suspected you and Dinny were in love, so it pointed to you.

"THEN you came to the camp that night. You were terribly wrought up and worried. You were there to get something. I didn't know what it was, but it implicated you deeply, since any ordinary letters would have been returned at a simple request to Aunt Harriet."

"If you only knew," Celia broke in, "how near I was to telling you everything that night at camp! But I was frightened."

"I thought so." His voice was dejected.

The girl fell silent, and Jason waited, his eyes on the glowing embers of the fire. She spoke again: "After I tell you this, I'd like you to let Aunt Harriet and Angelo know. It's only right that they should know. But I'd rather you told them."

"If you want me to, I will, Celia," the man promised.

"Thank you." She fell silent a moment and then burst out: "I loved Dinny O'Day! Loved him more than any one can imagine. He loved me too, but differently. I knew what he was. I knew he'd had other women and might always have them. But I didn't care! I took the chance—and him."

JASON looked away from her and stared into the darkness. Her words branded themselves on his heart: "I took the chance—and him."

"I shouldn't have, you know," her low voice went on. "He'd be alive now if I'd never known him. And Lila Gibson would be alive too, and Primrose Evans. If things had been with us as they were before June, I'd never have followed him and Lila Gibson."

"You saw him meet her, then?"

"Yes. I'd wanted to go for a ride, it was so hot. But he wouldn't take me. He said it was too late and that he mustn't spoil me. I watched him go, from my bedroom window, and I saw him stop for Lila down the block, put her case in the car and help her in. Lila again, of all people, after all that had happened! I was beside myself. The wildest ideas flashed through my mind.

"Father had gone out for a walk, and I dashed down the back stairs as fast as I could and into the garage. I got my car out and first drove to the station. I thought perhaps he'd be putting her on a train, since she had a traveling case. But his car wasn't there. So I decided he'd taken her home, and I tore out to Deerfield, then turned left on the Rome road. It was halfway to Van Winkle's that I passed Angelo."

"He knew you?"

"He'd have known my car anyhow, but my dash light was on and he saw me, I'm sure."

"He did," Jason said. "That's why he didn't at first admit going home by that route."

"Did Angelo lie to keep me out of it?"

"No. He made an extra trip to Utica to get an oxygen tank for his patient. That was when he saw Dinny and later met you. He took the oxygen to Rome by the Westmoreland road, and returned home at four thirty, that way. He just omitted telling of the extra trip, that's all."

"It was kind of Angelo," Celia said. "He must have wondered—perhaps suspected. I was terrified that he'd tell he saw me. When he didn't, I thought he couldn't have recognized me; but that seemed impossible."

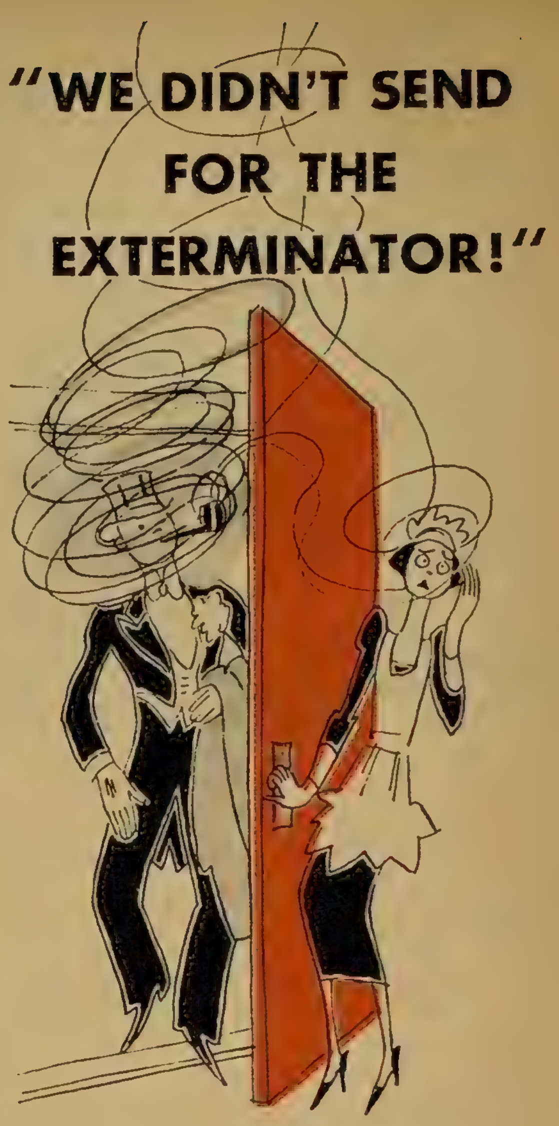
"Did you see any one else, Celia?"

"No, not a soul. I was going quite fast when I saw Dinny's car at the side of the road. I stopped as quickly as I could, but had to park beyond, a little. I got out and walked back."

"Was Dinny there?"

"No. He—he must have gone down where Lila was found."

"WE DIDN'T SEND FOR THE EXTERMINATOR!"



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"Probably he had taken her suitcase and bag down after Angelo had gone by."

"That must have been it." An expression of pain and distaste crossed Celia's face. "This is the worst part. But perhaps if I tell you it will stop haunting me.

"When I found Dinny wasn't there, I just sat down on the running board nearest the ditch and waited. The old horse was eating and walking up and down. He looked so big in the moonlight that I was frightened. I looked for something to throw at him if he got too near, and picked up the horseshoe. I kept it in my hand and watched him.

"After a few moments I heard some one coming up from the ravine. I hoped it was Dinny, but sat very still until I could see. When he was quite near I spoke his name. He was horribly startled. I think he wasn't sure who it was. Then he swore and asked me why I was there. I told him I had every right to be there, and he laughed. He laughed!"

The girl hid her face in her hands, reliving that dreadful moment—seeing before her again that mad, desperate, unfamiliar man who had been her lover, hearing once more the mocking, contemptuous laughter that denied her.

After an instant, however, she raised her head and forced herself to go on: "I knew something terrible had happened. He had never been like that before. I didn't know what to say, but I asked where Lila was.

"AT that he turned livid and shouted: 'So that's why you came! Well, you'll get more than you bargained for. I've killed her. Do you understand? I've killed her—my darling, my sweet. There never was any one else but her! No other woman in my heart, ever!'

"It was horrible. I couldn't believe Dinny had spoken those dreadful words. He was quiet now, leaning against the car, looking at the ground. I could hear him breathing hard as if he'd been running. I thought to myself, 'I mustn't excite him.' So I got up quite calmly and said, 'You mustn't say such things, Dinny. They aren't true.'

"He held out his hands, looked at them a minute, and whispered: 'Not true, you poor little fool! What do you know? What have you ever known of Lila and me?'

"That made me forget to be afraid, and I burst out: 'I know this—that you never loved me, never! And now you can have your Lila!'

"THAT seemed to enrage him. 'Love!' he said. 'Don't talk to me of love! You don't know what the word means. To your kind, love is a wedding ring. Well, you got it! And you have your sacred marriage license, hidden safely. Secrecy was what you wanted—oh, yes—but it must be legal. What did you know of courage, of loving in spite of yourself and God? Would you have conceived my child and thought the world and your reputation well lost for love of it and me? Lila did. She wasn't afraid of life! She wanted her child and its father and she fought for them. But she didn't realize that the weak fool she loved would turn on her and kill her because she'd got his child and he had made a fool of himself once again and couldn't help her. I hadn't the guts to tell her that I was married to you. I killed her! And now you—Get out! Get out! Do you hear?'

"He started toward me. I think he was insane. I couldn't speak—I couldn't move."

Her voice slashed through the night silence, stopped, and went on:

"The horseshoe was still in my hand. He came toward me. I turned and threw it. I saw him fall. Oh, God! He fell—"

Her words ended on a scream. Great racking sobs tore at her.

Jason could only look helplessly at the tragic little figure of the girl he loved. Marriage, secrecy, jealousy, murder, and black fear crowded into one short month. She had been plunged into life and maturity. The child of a month ago was gone—Dinny had taken her with him.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 36

1—Fam; it is French for woman.

2—The right to use and enjoy the profits of an estate, or other thing, belonging to another without impairing the substance.

3—Yes, and also by all territories and colonial possessions of the United States.

4—Dr. Emily Howard Stowe, 1831-1903. Although she graduated in 1867 she was not admitted to the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons and given *official* right to practice until 1880.

5—At Webster, Massachusetts.

6—A ticket, or label, as on a suit of clothes.

7—A disciple is one who believes the teachings of another—as a disciple of Christ. An apostle was one chosen by Christ and sent forth by Him to teach.

8—On October 3, 1914.

9—14.1 cubic inches.

10—Small willows, twenty to thirty feet long, woven closely together and used in bank-revetment work along the Mississippi River.

11—Whelps.

12—The Board of Trade, Chicago.

13—Fifteen scenic, recreational, and historic parks and five animal parks and reserves.

14—Wyoming.

15—Writer's cramp.

16—William Cowper, the English poet, in a hymn.

17—Abraham Gesner, 1797-1864, of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

18—By Presidential appointment, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

19—Jesus; see Matthew 13:57.

20—An alloy of copper, zinc, and tin forming a cheap imitation of gold. Named after Christopher Pinchbeck, a London watchmaker, who invented it.

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Friend of the Famous in Europe, and Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MY dear, there isn't a thing to tell. Nothing has ever happened to me."

That's what Cinderella probably would have said if any one had asked her to tell the story of her career from ashes to coronets. And that is exactly the answer I received from Gladys George, newest of Broadway stars, whose sudden rise from long obscurity to fame is now the talk of the town. Sixteen years she trooped the hinterlands with stock and vaudeville companies. No glamour, no glory—just hard work and discomfort. She forsook all hope of *making* the Big Town.

Then came her unexpected chance, followed almost overnight by glittering success. Yet Gladys George can say:

"Nothing ever happened to me.

"Nothing but trouping, dearie. All kinds of parts. Fine plays like Coquette and Romance, and plenty of bad plays, too. My hair is bleached, you see; that made it easier to change when different managers wanted it blonde or brunette. Sure I've been in love—once, and hard—but the guy didn't feel the same, so that's over. When I was a kid a fortune teller told my mother I'd be lucky at twenty-nine. I'm twenty-nine now. Maybe things will start happening."

They are extraordinary, aren't they—these people who win success by patience and enduring effort? When the year brings reward, they call that year their *lucky* one—not remembering or realizing how they have earned it through the years behind.

FANTASTIC, to my mind, is the glimpse of American history brought home to me through the recent experience of a middle-aged man I know. We'll call him John Merwood. On a business trip he fell in with a middle-aged stranger who introduced himself as George Merwood.

"That's funny," said John. "My name's Merwood, too. Got any relatives out my way?"

"Don't know," said George Merwood. "I've got so many relatives I can't tell where they are. I've got twenty-seven brothers and thirty-two sisters."

"What!" Of course John didn't believe it.

The other Merwood laughed. "I come from Utah," he said. "Father was a Mormon. He had half a dozen wives, and they all had lots of kids. My mother had seven."

How curious it is to think that in this country there are thousands of people who were children born legally of polygamous parents not more than fifty years ago!

GLADYS GEORGE

I LIKE to watch the looks that pass between the eyes of lovers—lovers young or old—when the clock strikes twelve on New Year's Eve.

A breath-catching thrill, an almost unearthly emotion, enchants those twelve brief moments which seem to hang suspended in eternity. Upon lovers the effect is positively visible. Observe how they look at each other and you can see quite plainly what they are thinking, wishing, dreaming.

The spell is soon over—soon swept away by the hilarious deluge of celebration. But I think that while it lasts it is one of the moments of deepest, truest sentiment that we encounter in life.

SKY-BLUE, green, and cloth of gold henceforth for Irish soldiers of the Free State army! No more drab uniforms. While the rest of Europe flirts with ruin to load its military men with expensive engines of death, Ireland has decided to dress her army up in bright new colors. This may be a backward step in the right direction. During olden times, when soldiers dressed like peacocks, they didn't kill one another nearly as efficiently as do our modern warriors who dress like mud larks. If we must have war, why not have perfectly gorgeous uniforms—and absolutely no killing?

IS it a husband's duty to consult his wife about his business affairs? Has she the right to demand that he do so?"

A bride, writing to me from an Ohio city, asks this extremely difficult question. I hardly know what to say. But the point strikes me as being of interest and some importance, so I'll do my best. I can only offer my personal opinion, with which you may disagree.

It depends, I think, upon the wife's ability to understand business matters. I think her husband must be allowed to judge whether she would be a help or a nuisance if he consulted her. Many women have great talent for business. Others have talent merely for butting in.

BEST book I've read recently: The Jasmine Farm, by "Elizabeth." (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

PRETTY soon we will be wearing rakish capes over our spring dresses. The new cape might be called a *wrap-rascal*—the grand old word used for those cloaks that villains wore in old-time melodramas. Ours will be made of heavy ribbed silk with pockets in the stole.

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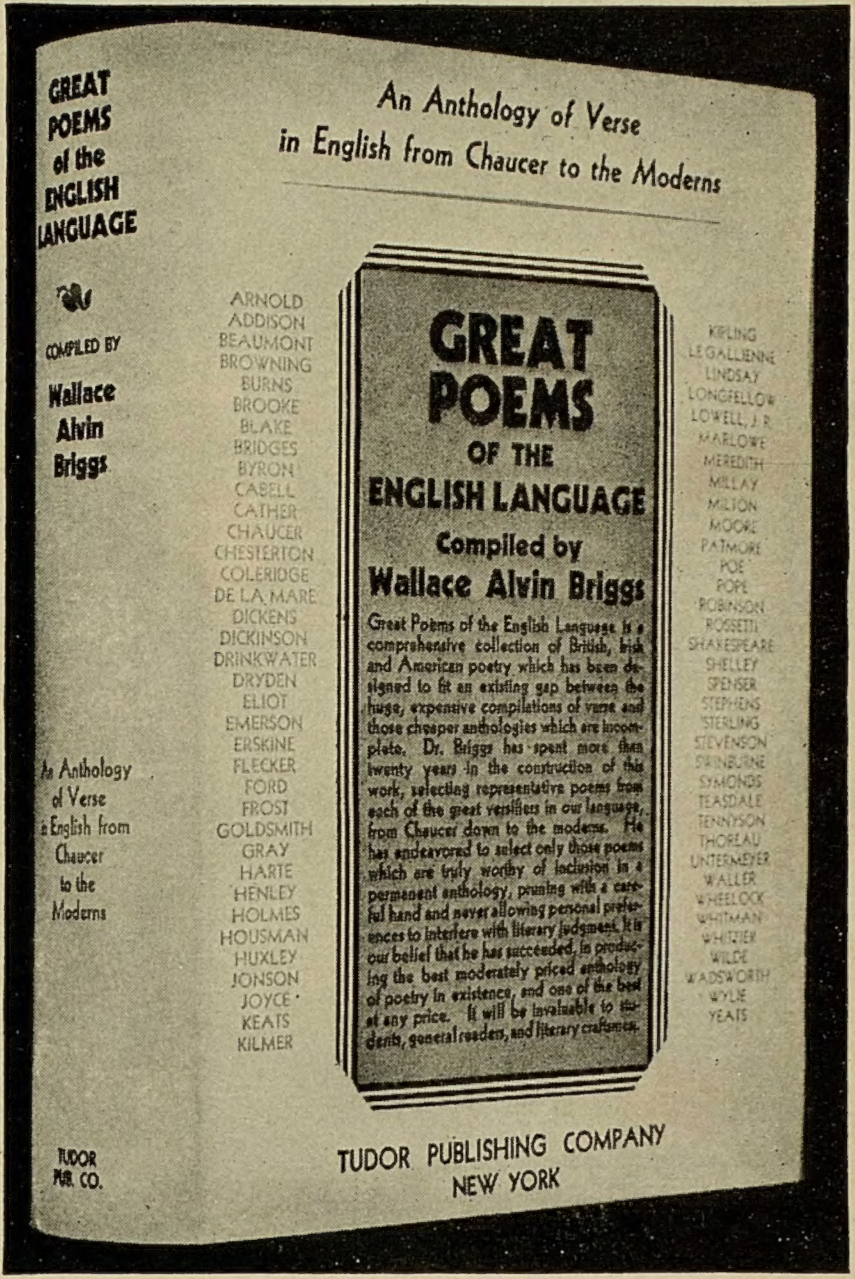
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